THE
NEW YORK LEDGER
DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE, ROMANCE, THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XXIII ROBERT BONNER, { PUBLISHER, 90 BEEKMAN ST. SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1867. TERMS. { $3 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 27.

GRIEF'S MYSTERY.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Oh God! the meaning of our pain,
The dark enigma of our tears
Our finite wisdom seeks in vain
To wrest from Thine eternal years!
Fast-locked, the mystery sublime
Our subtlest guesses may not solve,
Whilst round the golden circle, Time,
The hoary centuries revolve.

Bound in the solemn Book of Life,
And sealed with Death's inviolate clasp,
Vain the fierce hunger, and the strife,
The hidden clue we may not grasp;
Long sought with blind and weary eyes
Heavy with brooding cares—the clue—
Dropt by Thine hand—that somewhere lies
Among the tangled false and true.

Vaguely we grapple the blind thought
That haunts the sunniest dells of peace—
By what dread chance was Sorrow wrought?
Where flies she when the pulses cease?
But all our sad researches fail—
Our deep philosophies are vain
To pierce the dark and secret vail
That guards the intangible realms of pain!

Oh God! the passion of our grief,
The costly cup of human tears,
Grows, with Thy growing flower and sheaf,
And fails not with our failing years!
With weak and wandering steps we strive
To find Thy summer paths of peace,
Whose thornless roses blow and give
Their sweetness to the soul's increase.

We sow amid the suns and showers
The fiery seed of fruitful mind—
Instead of angel-nurtured flowers,
We reap the wild and empty wind!
We toil with patient hands to build
The glorious name that never dies,
And lo! the royal wine is spilled,
The prescious cup in ruin lies!

We strive to wake the master keys,
Whose glorious echo sometimes floats
Athwart our earthly harmonies,
From some vast organ's golden throats;
And grope with nerveless hands, until,
By some sweet chance we may not see,
We touch the hidden chords, and fill
The world's great heart with melody!

The tones we catch from other shores,
Beyond the zones of sun and dew,
Rolling from heaven's wondrous doors,
When some freed soul is passing through.
But in the fleeting, silvery strife
That mixes with our symphonies,
The glorious pulse of higher life
Throbs heart to heart with us—and dies!

NORWOOD;
OR
VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HEYWOOD RETURNS—ESEL DEPARTS.

While Heywood was spending the winter at his father's house, and enjoying all the recreations which abounded in the hospitable old Virginian mansion, he found himself unwittingly thrown into an attitude of defence of his northern friends. Although he was thoroughly southern in his prepossessions and prejudices, yet he was highly endowed with the sentiment of justice, and it was not consistent with his honorable nature to hear his late acquaintances undervalued and stigmatized, when he knew the imputations to be unjust. The same thing had happened reversely while he was at Norwood. Thus, in the north he defended the south and opposed northern prejudices, and in the south he defended much which he had witnessed in northern society, and opposed the violent tone which prevailed among his companions. He was not one of those whose pride it is, returning from foreign travel, to boast that they have seen nothing worthy of imitation in all their journeys—a confession that they have learned nothing, and well nigh an evidence that they are capable of learning nothing. Of a studious and reflective turn of mind, he had eagerly observed and reasoned upon the interior facts of northern society, and particularly its industry and its universal education. He had not succeeded in breaking away from those fatal notions of political economy instilled into his own generation, nor did he yet see clearly the philosophic explanation of that diversified industry and universal prosperity which he beheld. But he was on the way.

The prejudices of his friends, which once were his also, served to shew him how far he was changed.

"Come, Tom," said his favorite sister, "be a good boy and own how much better you like the south than you do that mean New England."

"Most certainly, fair Kate, I prefer the south, but without prejudice to New England. *You* ought to think well of a land which gave you such a mother as ours."

"Ah! mother came away from the north when she was but seventeen; and then she was of good family, and never worked for a living."

"It is true that she did not; but *her* mother did. Her father was a farmer's boy, and made his fortune by integrity and industry. Every one respected him for his solid worth."

"No matter, Tom; mother is a Virginian and not a Yankee. All her habits and thoughts have been formed here, and every body says that she is a true specimen of a southern lady."

"I am not a whit behind you in love for mother and admiration for our own native State; but if you mean to imply that only in the south can be found gentlemen and ladies of the highest breeding, I cannot go with you. Nay, I know from my own observations that this very New England, which you so little know, or you would not so detest it, is full of families that no man can but respect and admire. I speak from my own knowledge. No one could see Farmer Cathcart, who works daily for his living, and not respect his sturdy independence and admire his great intelligence. His daughter Alice,—ah! Kate, if she were here you would need to look out for your laurels. But even she would not command your admiration so much as Rose Wentworth would."

"Well done, Tom!" cried his beautiful sister, who was as fierce as a dove, and as brilliant as a humming bird, and full as dangerous, and whose duty it seemed to be, on all proper occasions, to manifest a state patriotism. "Well done, Tom; I wonder that you ever came back single! Pray, why did you not bring one of those high-born Yankee dames with you, to outshine us all?"

"Stranger things than that have happened. If your father went to New England for a wife, why shouldn't his son? And his notable success adds encouragement. Indeed, I think that I only want a little opposition on your part, or on the part of some of my friends, to propose for Miss Wentworth and marry her."

"Of course you would. And I don't mean to give you the motive—though it would rescue one more Yankee girl, and by bringing her into good society it might be the making of her."

"Come, come, my dear sister, this is all very well for jesting. But, I tell you in good earnest, that it is not just nor wise for the people of our one country to spend their time in deepening prejudices and promoting alienation. The times are hot enough already. I confess that I dread the future, unless there can be infused more moderation and mutual respect on both sides."

"Who cares?" said young Hillyer. "Let times grow bad—I know who'll suffer, and who will not. The Yankees are a mean-spirited, peddling set. We have managed them for fifty years, and we shall do it still. I could thrash ten of them without winking. I hope I may see the day that we shall try it on!"

"Well, Hillyer," replied Heywood, with a grave countenance, "it will be a terrible day for our country if the North and South should go to arms. I have no doubt of our valor, but I have just as little of theirs. They are not a people who like fighting. They will be slow to enter upon it. But, if ever it is thrust upon them, they will take up war like a trade and learn it thoroughly. New England has had the prejudices of this whole nation against her for a hundred years, and yet she, more than any part of the Union, has gone right on prospering in every element that makes States strong. And I do not believe that she is likely to be checked now. But this talk is all folly. At any rate, God grant that we may never put to proof our respective opinions."

With such views, it will not surprise our readers to learn that Heywood returned to Norwood for the second season with far more eagerness than when he had first sought it. His lively sister sent him back loaded with injunctions against apostacy from the true Southern spirit. "I will never, never forgive those Yankees if they get my brother away from me."

Every man, we are often told, has a mission in this life. Josiah Chandler happily found out his mission, which many people never do; or if they do, then one cannot but marvel that they should be sent so far on so poor an errand. Josiah Chandler's mission was to make and keep money. He was of slender stature. A round head, with a face not noticeable, unless, upon close examination, you discovered a shrewd look about his eyes. He was in no sense a genius. He simply possessed consummate good judgment in business. He had no passions. He was always calm. He was never carried away by immoderate expectations; never speculated. He was one of the few men whose success did not unsteady or so excite that he could not take sure aim. For twenty years he increased his gains surely and gradually. For ten years more wealth came faster. Every thing he touched seemed to prosper. Had his son lived, he would have gone on accumulating probably to the end of life. But that death seemed to give a shock to his whole nature. Why should he go on toiling without an end or aim in life except to amass property, of which already he had far more than he could employ? Mr. Chandler had no ambition to be thought rich. Indeed he was far richer than any one knew. He began to wind up his affairs, to consummate such enterprises as were on hand, and to institute no others. He built him a large and comely mansion, and for a year this gave him occupation. Not a nail was driven without his inspection. Every board and beam, every particle of paint, strip of lead, pane of glass, came under his scrutiny. Conveniences of every kind were multiplied. He never talked to any one, not even to his wife, of what was going on. Diligent, shrewd, watchful, unostentatious, thorough, and, above all, silent, was he. If anything went wrong no one knew it. If things succeeded beyond his expectation, no one knew that. He kept his own counsel. One would have thought that it was in his eyes a mortal sin to speak of his own affairs, not a man in town would have been personally so little missed.

After he moved into his mansion, everything fell into orderly arrangements, seemingly without special effort from any one. He was mildly pious. He never knowingly did wrong. He presumed himself to be sinful, as he had been assured that he was; and it was a cardinal practice with him not to contradict. He observed the Sabbath day with calm acquiescence. He had united with the Church, not from any passionate experience, but because for some unexplained reason he thought it the right thing to do. But his whole life moved on as shadows creep over the ground from the west to the east, attracting no attention and making no noise.

One day Dr. Wentworth called upon some business, and found him in his library. He was astonished at the beauty of the room and at the number of books. Then first it was found out that Josiah Chandler had a curious taste for books, with a specialty of love for old books. No one had ever heard him speak of books. No one had seen boxes unloading at his door. He was the last man in town who would have been suspected of such a mania. Yet on examination Dr. Wentworth found a large collection of rare tracts, scarce books—illustrating American history. He had gathered them up in a quiet way. They were bound in Boston, and returned to Norwood, and took their places in his library, without sign or hint to any one. How much he had read of them no one knew. It was certain that he knew something of every volume, especially its bibliographical history. That same instinct of facts which had given him such success in business was manifest in this dry and silent amusement of his leisure.

[TOM HEYWOOD AT HOME.]

How grateful ought we to be to that distributive Providence which draws men and women to each other, not by agreements and likenesses, but also by differences. Otherwise, people coming together by elective affinities would whirl away down the path of life,—tall people with tall, short people with short, sober with sober, the merry with the merry, the good with the good, and the bad with the bad. And the end would be that the world's population would soon become fixed in certain lines, and run into the extremest exaggerations. But, now, a tall man snatches up a darling little short creature for his wife. He has had tallness enough, and wants variety. All the town is aghast when it learns that some Amanda Sexton, the finest woman of the place, beautiful as a rose, has surrendered herself to some Luther Walpole, whose face is so homely as to make one almost doubt the benevolence of Providence. And so a devout woman is joined to a merry, thoughtless wretch; and in like manner a grave and reverend man is led about by some rosy, sprightly creature, who foams and sparkles on his surface, as the beautiful water-crests do upon deep and solemn waves.

In only one thing was his wife like unto Josiah Chandler. Neither of them had any illusions. He saw things in their most absolute literalness; she saw people, and their action, without charitable or malign mists, but in a merciless truthfulness. And though a wise woman, yet she spoke out with a literal truthfulness which frequently astounded men, accustomed to the indirections, the disguises, and the deceptions of society. She was a large, portly woman, of a serene, but fine and energetic countenance. She was in every way superior to her husband except in the singular talent for making and administering wealth. She could converse; he could not. She had tastes refined by literature and good society; he was one of those men that you would forget to notice, and, whether he was cultivated, really you forgot to inquire!

She studied with profound sympathy the writings of Jonathan Edwards and Madam Guion; he read Scott's Commentaries and Barnes's Notes on the Gospels. Every morning, at family prayers, he read five or six verses of Scripture from Scott's Bible, and then came rivers of interpretations, and notes, and improvements which overflowed and submerged the Scripture texts, and left them lying like pond-lilies in a broad lake—a few silver cups exquisitely floating on a wilderness of waters! Yet, patient as he was, he seldom could read at a sitting the whole of those prelections by which Scott converted the Bible into an exceeding great army of unpreached sermons. After he had read to the limit of time, he would break off with a quiet "and so forth, and so forth, with much more to the same purpose."

Does any one believe that she loved him? Is it possible that one in every range of faculty so much larger and richer, could fail to perceive the unmatched condition in which she lived? Did she marry for wealth? She seemed to care little for it, except as a means of kindness. Did she in youth have more imagination than now, and suffer herself to see him through iridescent mists of love awakened by fancy? And having awakened to the literal reality, did pride lead her ever after to cover the mistake by an appearance of affection? If she was playing a part, it was superbly done. No man, however sharply he might discriminate, could detect the slightest signs of affected regard. On the contrary, there were all the tokens of a real, enduring affection.

Agate Bissell had been skeptical, but even she yielded:

"It's no use. You may as well give it up. That woman does love that man, what there is of him, and it is the Lord's wonder!"

Heywood had been brought up in an atmosphere of hospitality. There was a certain largeness in the home-life of his father's house. There was always more or less of company. Every one was free to come and go according to his own good pleasure. There were horses in the stable for such as would ride; guns and rods for such as loved the field and the stream. Seldom was there a day when the family was at home when the young people could not find enough companions for all summer sports and amusements. Enjoyment was not casual and special. It was the ruling element.

It must be confessed that the change to Norwood habits was great, and that in his aunt's mansion the contrast was still more violent. All was sedate; all was peaceful, regular, silent.

But after awhile he began to lose that latent repugnance which at first barred familiarity. As soon as he had made up his mind not to compare his aunt's household with his mother's, but to consider it as a new species to be studied by itself, he began to find points of curiosity and of attraction. He recognized, also, a distinct influence which his aunt exerted upon him, and he could not help admiring both the shrewdness and solidity of her judgments upon men and things in society.

It was novel to Heywood to find a woman of strong sense, of clear discernment, who always spoke the truth, and who loved to have the truth spoken to her. This last trait was remarkable. She refused to be praised in the slightest degree beyond what she esteemed fair. But a merited compliment she accepted with manifest pleasure. Not remarkable for insight and analysis of the subtle elements of character, she saw those broad effects which are developed in action with accuracy, and judged them impartially. Heywood soon found in his aunt a friend whom he could trust implicitly, and whose judgment was invaluable; and every month of his stay made absence from his home easier to bear.

The appearance in Norwood society for a second season of this brilliant young Southerner could not fail to create an interest in all concerned, and that was not a small number. There was no house at which he would not have been welcome. The young people deemed his presence at any gathering a sure presage of a brilliant time. All admitted that Norwood had never seen, and would not soon again see, three such glorious fellows as Frank Esel, Tom Heywood and Barton Cathcart.

Frank Esel had maintained his intimacy at Dr. Wentworth's. His admiration had not abated. In spite of all his philosophy, he had found himself more and more carried forward toward that intoxication of feeling where one ceases to be the master of himself and the judgment loses control, and every object is seen in the color of passionate love. This growing feeling could not fail to be observed by Rose. It troubled her. So much was there in Frank Esel to admire, so sound was his moral nature, his heart was so good, and his tastes so refined, that Rose Wentworth placed a sincere value upon his friendship. Few women can decline a proffered love without wounding both pride and vanity. Not many men are noble enough to accept friendship when their love has been refused. Pride and vanity, too deeply wounded by defeat, often change to anger and men seek to undervalue what they have failed to secure.

Returning home with Miss Wentworth from an afternoon's gathering in the village, Frank Esel thought that she had never seemed so beautiful as on this day. It chanced that the Doctor and Mrs. Wentworth had gone out to make some evening call. The young folks were in the other part of the house, and Rose sat in her father's library. There rose in Frank's heart an impulse, as often before, but which now seemed to rise and impel him in spite of every resistance which he could make. All the prudent resolves which he had formed were gone, and seemed like faint memories, pale and afar off. He began to speak, and started at his own voice. His color came and vanished. And so much was he agitated that Rose perceived it, nor was the meaning unknown to her.

How much one may think in the duration of a flash! Under low excitements the mind finds its way from thought to thought gradually. But when the brain is fired, whole fields of thought spring up before the mind like pictures, and all progression of view seems to give place to instantaneousness of sight.

In one and the same instant Rose saw and determined all these things, viz.: that a crisis had come in Frank Esel's feelings, that the tide was too strong to be stayed or turned aside, that should he be suffered to pour out all his heart, he would, in the necessary disappointment which must befall him, not only greatly suffer in pride, but lose by rebound a position of friendship full of pleasure to both of them, that it was far better that she should herself take the initiative and, meeting his rising feeling, forestall it. Her purpose was taken instantly; and when Frank, suddenly rising, came toward her, with glowing cheek and an eye almost wild, she rose to meet him, and, extending her hand to his, she said, with a voice in which command and kindness were blended:

"My dear cousin Frank, come and sit down by me on the sofa, until I say what I am sure you will forgive me for saying! Our acquaintance has been a joy to me. I have learned much from you, and much more I hope to learn. I value your friendship, and ask for it. Frank, I am grateful and proud of your good and kind thoughts of me. It would be a grief all my life if any darkness should come between us. No, my dear cousin, do not speak—I know what you would say. I know that you would be sorry *if* you said it, and I should be too; for, Frank, better friends than we are there could not be, but more than friendship is impossible."

Then Rose's voice trembled, and her face was suffused with blushes as, with great sensibility, she turned full upon Esel, and added:

"Forgive me, Frank, for my boldness, and accept it as the token of my friendship, that I say, before you have even spoken of love to me, that you must not speak of it! Do not think ill of me, Frank, that I decline what has not been offered. I would have had it otherwise. And now I would save you from uttering a word which, in a few hours, you would be grieved that you had said. For, it must not be. Nothing is more certain, Frank, absolutely certain than that you must rest contented with friendship. I must not detain you—I hear voices—father is returning. Come hither to-morrow night, and be your own old noble self, and my friend. Pardon the pain—I am sure that you will believe it kindness."

"One word, if I may—one word, Miss Wentworth——"

"*Miss* Wentworth! Then you are offended?"

"No, cousin—cousin Rose! I am only bewildered! May I ask?—no, I will not ask the question!—Good night!"

As he passed out of the door he met Dr. Wentworth and his wife; but Frank seemed indeed, as he had said, like one bewildered. He was going on without salutation, till the Doctor spoke:

"Good-evening, Mr. Esel. Whither away so fast?—the evening is not yet spent!"

"How do you do, sir;—I mean good-night, sir;—I quite forgot."

"Why, what is all this?" said Dr. Wentworth to his wife. "What has happened to Esel? He talks as if he had been drinking."

His wife with woman's wit suspected the state of the case, and only replied:

"Oh, it's some little dispute, I dare say. But if nothing is said to us, we had better not inquire."

Leaving the door yard, Esel turned from mere habit in the direction of his rooms. But so absorbed was he in thought that he walked slowly past his boarding-house,—far along the street,—under the darkness of the great elms,—sometimes pausing,—once or twice crossing the street without knowing it. The alternation between feeling and thought in a mind painfully stirred as Esel's was cannot be set down in any words. Yet, leaving out the hundred flushes of shame, the sharp pangs of regret, the reaction of generous feelings—we may give a faint notion of his state.

"And so it is ended:—(a deep sigh.) Then that was not to entice me that she spoke. There was no need of it. Rose could not do it either. I've brought it on myself—(a blush stole over his face, growing hotter and hotter.) All my resolutions and my better judgment thrown aside,—and the sweetness of infatuated feeling was followed!—(then speaking aloud)—and so plainly did I show it that she saw it, and knew what I was going to say, and anticipated me,—foiled!—outwitted!—fooled! (His voice sounding in the silence seemed to annoy him, and he became silent.) Friendship?—it's easy to convert friendship into love. I've found that out; but, not so easy to put love back into friendship. I see, now—that brilliant Southerner. I wish I *had* asked what was on my tongue's end—is there any other one whom you love? No, I had no business to do it. To-morrow I will go home. Fool, to have ever gone away. No, I am not a fool. I should have been less than a man if I had not loved her. I am not ashamed of it. I am not worthy of her. God saw it. But I would have given my whole life to becoming worthy of her. I never can see her again—never—never. I could not look upon her and be silent. Now that she knows my secret, how can I look into her eyes without a burning tell-tale face; and that will be a renewing of the suit. Oh, I did not know how far I had gone. This has sucked up my very life."

By this time Esel had strayed out of the village, and was more than half a mile beyond on the road toward Cathcart's. He sat down upon a large white rock as if he were looking at a landscape, though the darkness and silence were remarkable.

The heaven was full of concealed clouds. Now and then a distant flash of lightning revealed them, and long ranges of "thunder heads" shone brilliantly out, but in a second sank back into darkness. Low rolls of heavy thunder sounded the coming on of a storm. A fitful wind swept through the near woods with a sound like rushing waters. In a moment it was gone; not a leaf moved, nor a sound was uttered. An unweaned calf bleated from the pasture; a short bark from a distant dog, instantly broken off, gave to the silence a profounder influence. Again and again the cloud ridges and mountains shone out and receded into darkness. Esel sat as if watching this grandest phenomenon of summer, the advance through the heavens of a great storm. But he saw nothing, or was, at least, unconscious of seeing anything. The flashes grew more frequent, the thunder advanced and rolled with deeper cadence; large drops of rain, slung from the clouds, smote the earth—a few only, and they suddenly ceased. A whirl of wind rolled up the dust along the road, bent the trees in its course, and swayed the bushes almost to the ground, and then fled away and left a dead calm behind. Soon a fine sound filled the air; it was the rain descending in good earnest, and sounding upon a million leaves. It came with a rush upon Esel, and awoke him to some consciousness.

He looked up in surprise as if awakened from sleep. He did not know where he was. Fortunately he took the right direction, and now running, and then walking, to catch his breath, he regained the village, drenched to the skin. The storm accompanied him all the way. It thundered behind him, above him, all around him. Torrents poured down, and the roads ran like rivers.

The storm had, at least, restored him to some self-possession, but not to prudence. Casting off a part of his clothes, and throwing a cloak loosely about him, Frank Esel sat down by the open window.

The storm had wasted its substance, or rather appeared to have driven forward like an advancing army, whose artillery was still sounding in the far front, while cloud-stragglers swarmed in the rear.

There was something in this war of the elements that suited Esel's disturbed feelings; yet his mind fell off from the scene before him and wandered back to his childhood. Tears came at the thought of his mother. He strove to bring together the disconnected scenes of his childhood that rose up before him, and to feel that he was that very one; for his very identity seemed slipping from him, and he could hardly make himself feel that he was that person whom he remembered in so many gay and happy experiences. It was past midnight. A chill crept over him, and he gathered his cloak closer about him. But he was no warmer. He shut the window, and retired to his bed; but the sleep he sought fled from him.

At length, toward morning, he fell into an uneasy slumber, and dreamed all manner of dreams. All the day following he was languid and depressed. He knew not what ailed him. He started on looking in the glass to see the haggardness of his own face. Toward evening, remembering Rose Wentworth's wish, he determined to go to her; but a strange apathy seemed to hang upon him. He remembered the different feelings of yesterday as he trod the same path, but remembered them without emotion. As he entered Dr. Wentworth's yard, Rose saw him from the window, and greeted him at the door.

"Frank, this is good and noble. I knew that I did not misjudge you—— But what ails you, Frank? How ghastly you are!"

For a moment a pang of anguish pierced Rose's heart. She could hardly imagine that a disappointment could, in a few hours, work such a change! Esel made haste to say:

"It is nothing. I was imprudent last night. I was caught in the storm and thoroughly wet. I must have taken a severe chill, for I have not felt well since. But it will pass with a good sleep."

Dr. Wentworth, overhearing a word, came from his library.

"What, Esel, did you say you were not well?" He approached and examined him. "Esel, you should return to your room; I will send you some remedies. It may be but a cold, it may come to something more."

The next day the doctor found him in a high fever, and his mind confused and wandering. His mother was sent for. For many weeks he lay helpless. At length the fever left him. It was several weeks yet before he could be moved; and when he could bear the journey, he returned to his home. The love that he had cherished for Rose was no longer a thing of this world. It had risen into the place of devout thoughts. It was like a remembered vision of another world, not lawful to be uttered.

One chamber of his soul was set apart, consecrated, and there his thoughts, as to a shrine, came reverently.

As his health returned, Frank Esel betook himself to his profession with even a deeper feeling than ever. He had become a man. For he had become a disciple of Suffering, the only schoolmaster who can bring men to their true manhood. He had passed through his youth-time with abounding joy. Then came the real awakening of his intellect, where new flights seemed like inspirations, and cast a shadow upon all that went before. At last came Suffering! Not that play of care or vexation, which only creases the soul's surface as a puff of wind wrinkles the waters, but sorrow which moves the foundations, and so deepens one's nature. No one has suffered enough until he is patient of suffering. "*Made perfect through suffering!*" Men stamped with this brand have God's mark on them.

But one should not imagine Esel as a discouraged or a broken man. He was never so strong as now. He had in early years insensibly been drawn under the influence of that vicious school of self-contemplatists whose victims revolve around themselves all their lives, watching the development of their own genius and by self-culture attaining to self-consciousness. Esel's natural generosity had restrained him from that besotted conceit which blights so many. But he had not learned to derive his pleasure from the end sought, so much as from the conscious exercise of those faculties by which he sought it. His sickness and previous experiences left upon his mind a deep impression, that in so far as he himself was concerned, life was ended. Now, whatever power he possessed was to be spent for others. All his ambitions now assumed the form of kindnesses. Gradually he found his former enterprise developing itself under new motives. With less exhilaration than formerly, he found far more peace. He seriously questioned whether he should not enter upon the service of the church, and while in that mood he wrote to Dr. Wentworth, a part of whose reply we will print:

* * * * "If you had been living out of the line of action of your strongest faculties; if deep religious feeling had developed powers which had been restrained or overlaid by selfish plans, there might be good reason for a change of profession. But you were born to be an artist. All your faculties and feelings harmonize in the pursuits of art. Why should you change? You speak of self-denial as necessary. Do not search for it. Whenever a lower course, a less worthy feeling, contest better ones, deny them. Do not seek pain for its own sake. Suffering is, like many chemical agents, wholesome when combined by nature in organic forms of fruit or grain, but separated and employed alone, superstimulating and injurious.

"What would you gain? You can seek the moral benefit of society by your art, as really as by sermons, and probably with far greater success. Have you considered in how many ways your peculiar genius can be applied to the refinement and happiness of your fellow-men? Let me state simple cases which I have often imagined. A sweet landscape, painted by one who saw a soul in nature, and not merely forms, hanging in a sick-room for long months, cheers the declining invalid and becomes a minister of consolation. When the spirit is liberated, thereafter, to the whole household that picture has a sacred association. It becomes a family talisman. When it passes on into another generation, it renews its labor of love,—proving that the spirit of beauty may become a spirit of mercy. I can easily imagine a simple landscape wrought out in the spirit of love by a skillful hand, which shall diffuse more happiness than most men do in a whole life-time.

"But your profession is, Christianly considered, the education of the community by the ministration of Beauty. Painting is only one way of doing this. Why should there not be drawing-classes among the poor as well as sewing-classes, reading-classes, singing-classes, etc.? Men collect funds to put books gratuitously in the dwellings of the poor,—why should not some Christian artist spend a portion of his time in ministering beauty to households of the worthy poor?

"Even if one had no skill in painting, the ministry of beauty does not depend upon manual skill. One might gather flowers day by day, from the fields, to cheer the poor and crippled; to stand in schools; or, with faint symbolic power, to bring into gaunt churches, some wealth and grace of natural beauty. What, if one were to visit the poor-house in each town, and minister,—not alone to the social feelings, to the physical wants,—but to the taste and sympathy of its inmates, with gifts of beauty?

"I have often marvelled that, in a time of such taste and liberality, so little should be done with *trees*. New England might be made a magnificent park, with but a slight expense, if only one dedicated himself to doing good through the love of beauty. Every great road, every bye-road, connecting towns and villages, or neighborhoods, if concert were secured, might not only be judiciously planted, but, by a little study and care in the selection, all the fine trees might in time be employed, one road being lined with oaks, another with elms, another with pines or spruces, another with maples, another with purple beeches, and so on, until every county would become an arboretum. Such is the spirit of emulation that, if a single town should perfect this work, other towns would catch the inspiration, and the work would go on with energy until an unclothed road would become a reproach. All this is a part of the work of true benevolence. If you would teach within the church, you must seek ordination at the hands of man. But whose heart soever God has touched with a spirit of benevolence is ordained to go forth into society and preach the gospel to every creature, each man speaking in the language of his own business!" * * * *

Esel had never been so busy as now, and was never so cheerful. Yet he carried in his heart a feeling that never died. There was no hope in it, but a gentle patience. It burned on in solitude, like a sacred lamp, which hermit hands trim and feed in some recluse's cell or cave, far away from the fever of the world.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE AFFECTIONS.

There is a famous passage in the writings of Rousseau, the great delineator of the human heart, which is as true to human nature as it is beautiful in expression:—"Were I in a desert I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my affections. If I could do no better, I would fasten them on some sweet myrtle, or some melancholy cypress, to connect myself to; I would court them for their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection. I would write my name upon them, and declare that they were the sweetest trees throughout all the desert. If their leaves withered, I would teach myself to mourn, and when they rejoiced I would rejoice along with them." Such is the absolute necessity which exists in the human heart of having something to love. Unless the affections have an object, life itself becomes joyless and insipid. The affections have this peculiarity, that they are not so much the means of happiness, as their exercise is happiness itself. And not only so, if they have no object, the happiness derived from our other powers is cut off.

◆

TRANQUILLITY.—I look upon tranquillity of mind and patience to contribute as much as anything whatever to the curing of the diseases. On this principle I account for the circumstance of animals not laboring under illness so long as human beings. Brutes do not think so much as we, nor vex themselves about futurity; but endure their maladies without reflecting on them, and recover from them by the sole means of temperance and repose.

◆

—The happiness of our lives depends much on the active performance of the duties of our station; nor have we any right to infer that, if they are not properly discharged, they would be *better* if we moved in a more exalted sphere. Usefulness is confined to no station, and it is astonishing how much good may be done, and what may be effected by limited means, united with benevolence of heart and activity of mind.

◆

ELEVATION OF THE MIND.—Lofty elevation of mind does not make one indifferent to the wants and sufferings of those who are below him; on the contrary, as the rarified air of mountains make distant objects seem nearer, so are all his fellow-beings brought nearer to the heart of him who looks upon them from the height of his wisdom.

ONLY LOTTIE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

A tall man, with eyes like those of a Spaniard and a firm chin cleft into sweetness by a dimple a woman might have envied; a handsomer man than one might chance to meet in a long walk, even through such a busy city as New York. This was what the curious eyes of Mrs. Norlaw's boarders made of that lady's last new acquisition, as he came into the dining-room, leading his motherless baby girl, with her long pale curls dropping over her little black dress and her dark eyes and dimpled chin repeating her father's in charming feminine miniature. Mrs. Norlaw always spoke of her boarders as "acquisitions," but she had been unusually voluble on the subject of this Colonel Morgan's charms and accomplishments. He had "been in the army." He was of one of "the first families." "He had such a wonderful flow of language." Such conversational powers and *such* a voice and a musical education, which, "if he had been that sort of person, would have made him professional;" and he was very wealthy and a widower.

The select few who found a home with Mrs. Norlaw were all delighted at the prospect of his introduction to their circle, and those ladies who were not on the married list had made their toilette with peculiar care. Only little Lottie Muir, Mrs. Norlaw's orphan niece and slave, thought it of no consequence that Colonel Morgan was added to the list of her aunt's genteel boarders. The gentlemen who came to make their stay there for longer or shorter times were never of any importance to her. Now and then some one asked Miss Muir for vegetables and sometimes the more generally gallant remarked that it was a pleasant day, or cold, or hot, in passing, but Lottie was so much in the habit of thinking herself nobody that every one else had grown to consider her in the same light. She lived with her aunt as a dependent, and if truth is to be told, worked her passage through her troubled little voyage of life very diligently. In kerchiefed head and enveloped in great aprons, she performed housemaid's work at such times as the boarders were absent. She made custards and puddings and pies, and Mrs. Norlaw's caps and morning robes. She never had an hour to herself except the church-going time on Sundays, and she felt conscious of being not at all pretty and of having no accomplishments. So when she looked at Colonel Morgan it was not with the thought "What will he think of me?" for she felt sure he would not think of her at all.

"What a beautiful man," came into her mind, as she looked, so distinctly that she was almost afraid that she had uttered the words aloud, and cast her eyes down upon the table-cloth in confusion.

She helped the vegetables in a sort of dream that day, and if possible was more silent than usual, and she never guessed that every now and then handsome Colonel Morgan looked at her, or that the ribbon she wore was the very color to set off her fair complexion, or that somehow a faint sea-shell pink had crept into her pale cheek and made her look quite pretty.

But for the first time almost, as she saw the boarders gather in the parlor, she wished that she could spare time to go in with them. Afterwards, as she stitched away upstairs at her aunt's last dress, she wished it more and more, for a new voice was singing, and Lottie felt sure it could only be Colonel Morgan's. Miss Hewett was singing with him—Miss Hewett who was a beauty and a belle. Every one fell in love with Miss Hewett, and why Lottie should feel duller and lonelier at the thought she could not think. But so it was, and as she stitched away a miserable vision of a long life like this, of sinking down into hopeless old maidenhood, with no one to love or care for her, crept into Lottie Muir's mind, and two bright tears glittered on her lashes, and she wished that between the twin stones in the old Connecticut grave-yard under which her parents lay had been planted years before another with her name upon it.

Just as the tears dropped down upon the work a little silvery voice beside her open door lisped, "May I tome in?" and she saw standing in the shadow Colonel Morgan's little girl.

The shy pretty creature, who would, if she lived, be grandly beautiful some day, had taken a notion in her baby fashion to Lottie and had found her out. She came in when Lottie held out her hand to her, and sat down on the little stool at her feet and prattled in her comical way, until her nurse-maid bethought herself to hunt her up, and then went away reluctantly, and poor Lottie shed a few more tears before she slept that night, remembering her dismal forebodings of old maidenhood and thinking how never, never in her life should a child call her mother.

To be sure, Lottie was not yet twenty, but she had quite made up her mind that no one could ever like her. Certainly not handsome Colonel Morgan, who was not such a despairing widower but that he was already numbered amongst Miss Hewett's admirers. The servants thought it was a pretty sight to see the two walk down to dinner together, and the ladies of the household thought it would be a match. Mrs. Norlaw was not sure herself. She fancied the whole affair only a flirtation.

"It's my belief he'd as soon marry *you*, Lottie," she said one morning. "From all I've heard he must have had enough of married life. His first wife ran away before she died, they say."

"Run away from *him?*" said Lottie, overlooking the first part of the speech—"from *such* a man?"

But Mrs. Norlaw laughed.

"They're all alike when you once know them," she said. "They all scold and snub their wives before long; and a lover is so different that it must be a temptation to a woman who has been sneered at and huffed about the dinner to be treated like a goddess again. Thank fortune, Lottie, that you are not likely to step off."

And the old lady walked away, and Lottie did not offer up the thanksgiving alluded to.

She did not believe *they* were all alike, and she believed that this Colonel Morgan was especially superior to his sex in general. Now and then, as time went on, she had a little conversation with him, and he had a gentle way of speaking to women, and a peculiarly charming smile when he smiled at all.

When little Sophy found her way to the tiny sewing room where half Lottie's life was spent, her father often followed her there to see what had become of the child; for Bridget, like most nurses, was careless.

It never entered Lottie's mind that he took her into consideration in so coming. It would have been very strange, with her humble ideas of her own merits, and her far-off, humble admiration of the colonel. But it pleased her to have him come; and if he only spoke of the weather, or of his fear that Sophy would be troublesome, she could have written down every word he uttered after he had left her.

Again and again she thought of the dead Mrs. Morgan as a monstrously unnatural being, and hoped Miss Hewett would compensate the colonel for all his past unhappiness. But of late Miss Hewett had seemed to have an unusually high temper, and had snubbed little Lottie more than once, and had seemed somehow to have taken a dislike to her, to Lottie's great amazement. Once, when the impulse to take little Sophy in her arms and kiss her a dozen times had been too much for Lottie, even when there were people present, Miss Hewett had laughed in such a sneering way that Lottie had flushed scarlet, and had said that "anything like that she had never seen before."

Why? Lottie wondered; but she only kissed Sophy when they were alone after that; dear little Sophy, who was such a blessing to her, though it never seemed to her that Miss Hewett thought she kissed Sophy in order to make herself interesting to her father, or that the beautiful young lady who engrossed so much of the elegant widower's time was jealous of his few visits to the little sewing room.

Yet those visits were worth more to Lottie every day, and now and then she tried to think what she should do when they stopped altogether, as they must some day. It was only because he wanted to see his little girl that he came, and he was only gentle to her because it was his way. Lottie knew that. It was Miss Hewett with whom he walked, of whose company he was proud. He never thought of her, of course, when he was not speaking to her.

Yet once he had brought her a bunch of lovely hot-house flowers, and once a book he had heard her wish to read.

The flowers, all withered now, were folded away in one of Lottie's bureau drawers in pink tissue paper, and the book was hidden in the same place. When she should be quite an old woman, Lottie thought it would be a comfort to have them to look at. If she had only been handsome like Miss Hewett, some one with Spanish eyes and massive, dimpled chin might have admired her.

One night Lottie felt this more intensely than usual. A musical amateur, who boarded with Mrs. Norlaw, and was always plentifully supplied with tickets for musical entertainments, had given everybody an invitation to the first concert of a young debutante whom he had taken a great interest in; and every one had gone but Lottie. Even her aunt had accompanied the old musical gentleman and his wife; and young A had offered his escort to Miss C, and the dandy doctor had taken the two Miss B's, and Colonel Morgan had given his arm to Miss Hewett.

Lottie had her ticket, but no one had asked for her company. To be sure she had kept out of the way, but any one might have thought. She loved music, she so seldom went anywhere, and the whole house full ought not to have gone off leaving her alone.

And the picture she had seen from the window haunted her. They were all so merry and so full of what they were going to see, and Miss Hewett's fine figure looked so well beside the soldier-like form of Colonel Morgan.

Lottie sat down in the lonely parlor and cried a little. Soon she became aware that some one else was crying too; and searching the room, but faintly lit by one jet of gas, found Sophy Morgan huddled up on the corner of a sofa.

She took the wee thing in her arms fondly.

"What ails you, Sophy?" she asked.

"I'm so hot," said the child, "and so tired."

And when Lottie had carried her up to her own little room, she found the wee thing burning with fever—her cheeks scarlet, and her eyes heavy-lidded, but unnaturally bright.

She was very ill, Lottie saw that; and she did what she could for her, and laid her in her own bed, where she watched her all night, refusing to give her up to the nurse-maid.

And there she sat, long after the handsome colonel had brought Miss Hewett home and had sung with her some of the songs they had heard that night, and had gone to sleep fancying his baby-daughter also asleep in her little crib—all the night through, until in the gray dawn she left her patient to tell the colonel how ill his child really was.

That was the first night of Lottie's watching—not the last. The child had the scarlet fever, and was very, very low before long. There was danger to Lottie, for she had never had the disorder; but she did not shrink from it. Her cheek grew thin, and her eye lost its lustre, but she never deserted her post until little Sophy was out of danger and well enough to be taken like a baby in her little carriage for a ride. Then Lottie said one day:

"I think I must lie down."

And she lay down as though for the last time. From that moment for weeks and weeks she knew no more of the world than if she had been taken from it. A little burning, tossing frame lay upon the bed, but it was hardly Lottie.

When she began to be Lottie again, she became conscious of two things. The first, that her aunt had wept and wondered over and over again "how she could live without dear Lottie," which was a comfort to one who had thought herself only a burden. The second, that every little while some one came to the door and asked, "how is she *now?*" in a trembling voice, as if the answer were really of great import to him. At first she was too feeble to try to think who this might be; but by and by she thought she knew the voice, and at last her aunt said:

"Lottie, shall I let Colonel Morgan see you. He is so anxious to do so?"

"Yes."

She was sitting in her great arm-chair in a blue wrapper. Her fair hair, cut short, clustered in tiny curls about her head, and she looked very young, and, though she did not know it, very pretty.

The colonel sat down beside her, and took her hand, and asked her if she were better; and then there was a pause.

Mrs. Norlaw had been called out of the room, and they were quite alone; and Lottie wondered to see great tears standing in the colonel's handsome eyes.

"Thank God, we have not lost you!" he said. "Oh, Lottie, to think how near we came to it—and you had saved my baby's life almost with your own! I never can forget it."

Then his lips touched her small fingers.

"One thing I do not know yet," he said, as she wondered feebly what all this could mean.

"Did you know Sophy was ill? Was that why you would not go to the concert? Did you stay for her?"

The lonely evening and the little picture which Miss Hewett had made on the colonel's arm returned to Lottie. She took her hand away from the colonel, and said, a little coldly:

"No, I think I did not go, because I had no one to go with. I found that Sophy was ill afterwards."

"You quite remember?" asked the colonel.

"Quite," said Lottie.

"I tried to find you every where," said the colonel, "and when I found Miss Hewett expected my escort, I asked her to invite you for me. She had access to those upper regions where you seemed to be hiding. She said you were too busy."

Lottie's cheek tinged.

"She never asked me. It was her own decision," she said.

And then regretted having spoken.

"Perhaps I have forgotten in my illness," she faltered.

But the colonel knew better.

"Had I asked you myself, would you have gone?" he said, softly.

"Lottie, will you go with me on a longer journey—the long journey of life—will you be my wife, and Sophy's mother? The poor child has never known one so true and so tender. I have loved you ever since we first met, and you have been so shy that I was not quite sure you did not hate me. But I know you love Sophy, and for her sake perhaps you may think better of me."

And the Spanish eyes looked into her's, and the great, brown, dimpled hand took a fast and trembling hold of her little pale fingers.

And then and there Lotty wakened out of her long, sad dream of loneliness, and the world grew bright. She was beloved. She had been loved, and this heart, which seemed the greatest gift earth had to give, was laid at her feet! What she said to him she never knew, but she remembered weeping upon his bosom, and feeling his kiss upon her lips.

It was a nine days' wonder, in the little world, that Colonel Morgan should have chosen little Lottie instead of Miss Hewett; but the wonder faded out, and, in the end, even Mrs. Norlaw was often heard to quote the sayings and doings of her niece, Mrs. Colonel Morgan, with an emphasis upon the name which proved that lady to have become a person of importance.

FEMALE FORTITUDE AND AFFECTION.

The following narrative adds another to the thousand instances of female fortitude and affection which were displayed during the French revolution. A traveller of celebrity had letters of introduction to Monsieur O———; he was at his country-house, about nine miles from Paris, an invalid. Heavy losses, a painful separation from his native country for the preservation of his own life, and the lives of his family, had undermined his health, and made sad inroads in a delicate constitution. Monsieur O——— entered into a very interesting account of his country, of the revolution, and of his flight. He still spoke of his lady with all the tender eulogium of a young lover, for their union proceeded entirely from attachment. He informed me that in the time of blood, as it was justly termed, this amiable woman, who is remarkable for the delicacy of her mind, and for the beauty and majesty of her person, displayed a coolness and courage which, in the field of battle, would have covered the hero with laurels. One evening, a short period before the family left France, a party of those murderers, who were sent for by Robespierre from the frontiers which divide France from Italy, and who were employed by that archfiend in all the butcheries and massacres of Paris, entered the peaceful village of La Reine in search of Monsieur O———. His lady saw them advancing, and anticipating their errand, had just time to give her husband intelligence of their approach, who left his château by a back door, and secreted himself in the house of a neighbor. Madame O———, with perfect composure, went out to meet them, and received them in a most gracious manner. They sternly demanded Monsieur O———; she informed them that he had left the country; and, after engaging them in conversation, she conducted them into her drawing-room, and regaled them with her best wines, and made her servants attend upon them with unusual deference and ceremony.

Their appearance was altogether horrible; they wore leather aprons, which were sprinkled all over with blood; they had large horse-pistols in their belts, and a dirk and sabre by their sides. Their looks were full of ferocity, and they spoke a harsh, dissonant patois-language. Over their cups they talked about the bloody business of that day's occupation, in the course of which they drew their dirks and wiped from their handles clots of blood and hair. Madame O——— sat with them, undismayed by their frightful deportment. After drinking several bottles of champaigne and burgundy, these savages began to grow good-humored, and seemed to be completely fascinated by the amiable and unembarrassed and hospitable behavior of their fair landlady. After carousing till midnight, they pressed her to retire, observing that they had been received so handsomely that they were convinced Monsieur O——— had been misrepresented, and was no enemy to the good cause; they added that they found the wines excellent; and, after drinking two or three bottles more, they would leave the house without causing her any reason to regret their admission. Madame O———, with all the appearance of perfect tranquillity and confidence in their promises, wished her unwelcome visitors a good night; and, after visiting her children in their rooms, she threw herself upon her bed with a loaded pistol in each hand, and, overwhelmed with suppressed agony and agitation, she soundly slept till she was called by her servants, two hours after these wretches had left the house.

ADMINISTERING JUSTICE.—A SON ENFORCES THE LAW AGAINST HIS FATHER.

A grocer of Smyrna had a son, who, with the help of the little learning the country could afford, rose to the post of naib, or deputy to the cadi, or mayor of that city, and as such visited the markets, and inspected the weights and measures of all retail dealers. One day as this officer was going his rounds, the neighbors, who knew enough of his father's character to suspect that he might stand in need of the caution, advised him to shift his weights for fear of the worst; but the old cheat, depending on his relationship to the inspector, and sure, as he thought, that his son would never expose him to a public affront, laughed at their advice, and stood very calmly at his shop-door waiting for his coming. The naib, however, was well assured of the dishonesty and unfair dealing of his father, and resolved to detect his villainy and make an example of him. Accordingly he stopped at his door, and said coolly to him, "Good man, fetch out your weights that we may examine them." Instead of obeying, the grocer would fain have put it off with a laugh, but was soon convinced his son was serious by hearing him order the officers to search his shop, and seeing them produce the instruments of his frauds, which, after an impartial examination, were openly condemned and broken to pieces. His shame and confusion, however, he hoped would plead with a son to remit him all further punishment of his crime; but even this, though entirely arbitrary, the naib made as severe as for the most indifferent offender; for he sentenced him to a fine of fifty piastres, and to receive a bastinado of as many blows on the soles of his feet. All of this was executed upon the spot; after which the naib, leaping from his horse, threw himself at his feet, and watering them with tears, addressed him thus: "Father, I have discharged my duty to my God, my sovereign, my country, and my station; permit me now, by my respect and submission, to acquit the debt I owe a parent. Justice is blind; it is the power of God on earth; it has no regard to father or son. God and our neighbors' rights are above the ties of nature. You have offended against the laws of justice; you deserved this punishment; you would in the end have received it from some other; I am sorry it was your fate to receive it from me. My conscience would not suffer me to act otherwise. Behave better for the future, and, instead of blaming, pity my being reduced to so cruel a necessity." This done, he mounted his horse again and continued his journey amidst the acclamations and praises of the whole city for so extraordinary a piece of justice; report of which being made to the Sublime Porte, the Sultan advanced him to the post of cadi, from whence, by degrees, he rose to the dignity of mufti, who is the head both of religion and law among the Turks.

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—It is only when blinded by self-love that we can think proudly of our nature. Take away that blind, and in our judgments of others we are quicksighted enough to see there is very little in that nature to rely on.

FROM THE HEART TO THE HEART.

BY GRACE H. HORR.

From the heart to the heart,
Friendship proceeds;
All else is hollow, and
Nobody heeds!

From the heart to the heart,
Love shall endure;
All else is changeable,
Cold, and impure!

From the heart to the heart,
Words ever go;
Scattering smiles or tears,
Blessings or wo!

From the heart to the heart,
Beams through the eyes;
Bursts from the bosom in
Eloquent sighs!

From the heart to the heart,
Speaks through the hand;
Who the warm grasp of a
Friend can withstand!

From the heart to a heart,
Faithful and true;
This is the joy of a life,
For me and you!

THE "LATEST" WILL.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Marriage is a lottery," said Genevieve Harper, "and I, for one, will have none of it."

"My dear, what a very foolish speech," said her sensible, old-maid cousin, picking up her crochet needle from the basket of spicy clove pinks where it had fallen.

"Well, but Dolly, I can't help it!"

The dark-eyed, imperious little beauty was pacing up and down her boudoir, with both her hands behind her, and the blue-black curls pushed in silky confusion back of her ears—one of those odd, bewitching *capriccios* of Dame Nature that it is as impossible to describe as it would be to photograph the glitter of lightning, or the evanescent glow of sunset clouds. She was like a spark of fire, or a gleaming diamond, or a tropic humming-bird, winged with flame and crested with jewels—a creature born to love and be loved! And when you heard *her* demurely and deliberately asserting that she meant to avoid the popular delusion of matrimony, you couldn't have helped smiling at the very absurdity of the thing.

"The fact is," said Genevieve, working herself up into enthusiasm, until the dewy light turned her velvet-brown eyes to shady wells of brilliance, and the faint pink roses blossomed in her creamy cheeks,—our Genevieve was a brunette of the most decided stamp,—"the fact is, I've got a little money——"

"A good deal, I should think," interrupted Miss Dolly Pennoyer.

"Well, then, a good deal," went on Genevieve, "and consequently I am tormented to death by a hungry crowd of fortune-hunters. I used to believe in human nature—I don't now. I once thought there was here and there a grain of pure metal in the dross of this world, but I am pretty thoroughly awakened from the delusion."

"My dear! my dear!" interposed Miss Dolly, reprovingly, "you are forming altogether too rash judgments."

"I can only judge by experience, and my experience has been that Self-interest rules the world, with Selfishness, Greed and Avarice in its train."

"Viva!"

"Perhaps the fault is in me," went on the brunette. "If I had only been born poor! There's my seamstress, poor little thing, was married last week to a master-carpenter. *He* loved her for herself; and there's my maid, Sylvie, engaged to the coachman. Heigho! I've a great mind to become a nun, or catch the small-pox, or turn all my Treasury Bonds into curl papers. Would you, Dolly?"

"I'd try to be sensible, my dear," said the sage spinster, counting the crimson stitches on her needle, and then deftly looping off as many white ones.

"Four offers have I had this week," resumed Viva, numbering them on the pink tips of her pretty fingers, "and there's not one of them would have looked twice at me if popular rumor hadn't set me down as an heiress. Oh, Dolly, how much happier I used to be before Cousin Dewbury left me this senseless pile of gold! I don't feel a particle thankful for it. I never saw the crabbed old miser, and I didn't care two pins whether he lived or died."

"My *dear* Viva!"

"Well, no more did I! There's Percival Floyd, with his big eyes, and his languishing manners, and his faultless Frenchy toilette—do you suppose he would have made the sublime offering of his heart and hand to any sum less than a hundred thousand dollars? There was John LeVert, who cares for nothing on earth but his wines and his fast horses. There was Dick Pomeroy, who has spent all his own patrimony long ago, and only wants to bolster himself up with a few of my deeds and mortgages. There is Guy Ferroll——"

"Viva!"

"There is Guy Ferroll, I say," persisted the young lady, nodding her head resolutely, "with his dreamy philosophies and his Utopian theories of perfect human nature, condescending, from the familiar heights of his sublimity, to accept me as a sort of balance to my money-bags, that he may have more leisure to contemplate the problem of existence!"

"Viva, I won't hear you talk so!" cried indignant Miss Pennoyer, gathering up her balls of rainbow-colored worsted and preparing to leave the room. "Guy Ferroll is too good, and true, and noble to be criticized thus! You needn't curl up your haughty lip; let me tell you, Viva Harper, you made the greatest mistake of your life-time when you repulsed that man's love!"

Viva was silent a moment, while across her face passed the peculiar impress of some mental feeling—whether of doubt, remorse, or dissatisfaction, Miss Dolly Pennoyer was scarce physiognomist enough to discern.

"Moreover," added Miss Pennoyer, "you have no right to forget that he is a distant connexion of your own, and that many think he has been wrongfully neglected by the provisions of your cousin Dewbury's will."

"All the more reason that this soured, disappointed legacy-hunter should never become any nearer relation to me," said Viva, with audacious gayety. "Come, Dolly, *you* needn't run away on account of my heresies against St. Guy, the Crusader! I'm going out myself—fresh air I must have and exercise I must have or I shall become demented, in view of all my trials and troubles."

And Viva tripped away, humming an opera canzonette merrily under her breath, while Miss Dolly looked after her with a solemn shake of her stiff little side-curls.

"If she were only eight years old, instead of eighteen," soliloquized the good spinster, "how quickly I'd shut her up on bread and water until she came to her reason! I only hope Mr. Ferroll will dismiss her as quickly from his mind as she deserves! Why *didn't* she say yes?"

And Miss Dolly snapped off the ivory hook of her crochet-needle in the energetic manipulation of loop and chain.

"So much for getting interested in other people's love affairs!" mused the disconsolate old maid, "and not another ivory-handle in the house! Well, I guess I'll learn to mind my own business after a while—if Guy Ferroll chooses to propose to the Witch of Endor, and Genevieve Harper refuses the Prince Royal!"

Meantime Viva was walking along the street, her dewy, brown eyes full of strange, uncertain light, and her little feet unconsciously keeping time to the half melancholy, brief, defiant thoughts that eddied through her brain.

"Can it be possible?" she mused to herself, "have I really and actually, as Dolly Pennoyer insists, made a mistake? I think—I'm not *certain*," argued Viva, slyly vailing her own thoughts even from her own self, "but I think if I had been a milkmaid or a sewing-girl, and Guy Ferroll had come to me pleading his suit, I should not have said him nay! I wonder if he was very much disappointed! I wonder if he thinks me a capricious, heartless little coquette! I wonder if——"

But here Miss Genevieve Harper's vague conjectures and wonderments came to an abrupt termination—her destination was attained. The lofty brown-stone columns and Corinthian capitals of the —— building loomed up before her; and Viva, ascending the stairs and entering the solemn, echoing corridors, tripped along very much after the fashion of a golden-winged butterfly, which has unconsciously fluttered its way into the damp depths of a burial-vault.

For here, in the —— Building, swarmed lawyers as bees swarm in a hive, and Viva was going to seek counsel and advice of her own special disciple of Coke and Blackstone, a solemn old gentleman with white hair and gold eye-glasses, whose impressive manner and words of sage wisdom awed even mercurial little Viva Harper.

Tap, tap, went her little rose-colored gloves against the panels of the door, and a clerk noiselessly glided forward to receive her commands.

"Is Mr. Pendexter in?"

"Mr. Pendexter is in, Miss, but he is very particularly engaged with a client;—would Miss Harper come in and wait just five minutes?"

Yes, Miss Harper would—the cool air and Russia leather smell of the quiet office were refreshing to her after her walk in the hot sun and over the burning pavements. So Genevieve sat down in a huge morocco-covered "Sleepy Hollow" of a chair, and looked round the silent tinted walls of the "waiting room" and wondered what Mr. Pendexter kept in all those japanned boxes, and how he ever managed to read all that array of russet-bound law-books whose gilt titles seemed to wink knowingly at her from the shelves, and tapped the tip of her tiny kid walking-boot with her parasol, and secretly waxed a little impatient.

Suddenly Mr. Pendexter's voice sounded in the very next room. Viva brightened up—he was coming now.

But no. Mr. Pendexter had paused and was talking in a low, earnest tone to some one who had evidently accompanied him from the recess of his inner sanctum.

"I assure you, sir," he said, in a guarded accent, but one which to Viva Harper's ears was quite sufficiently audible, "such occurrences are not so very unusual as you appear to think. A lawyer can tell strange secrets if he will—strange secrets. Now here is a case in point that happened only a month ago, under my own observation. You remember the Dewbury will case?"

(How Viva started in her chair!)

"The Dew-bu-ry—will—case?" slowly repeated the visitor. "A crusty old miser, wasn't he? left all his money to a distant relation whom he had never seen, greatly to the indignation of the three score and ten harpies who had expected to prey on him."

"Exactly so. Miss Genevieve Harper was the legatee, and a very pretty girl she is too"—(here the dimples came to Viva's roguish face.) "Well, this all happened about two years ago. A month since the harpies came flapping and fluttering round my office, in great agitation—a later will than that under which my charming client inherited, had been discovered."

"Indeed?"

"But it was no more favorable a document to these—these vultures—than the former one had been. The last and final whim of old Dewbury's whimsical life had been to leave his property all to another and somewhat nearer relative—Guy Fenwich Ferroll, of this city."

(*Now*, indeed, Viva's cheek lighted up with crimson pennons of color—now it paled again to dead, creamy whiteness. What did this portend?)

"Ferroll? yes, I know him—a fine fellow."

"A finer never breathed!" enthusiastically cried the lawyer. "Of course my first step was to notify him; and before I can take the second—a notification to the present legatee—Ferroll comes to my office, no doubt excited, but to all outward appearances as quiet and calm as you are this moment—asks to look at the will, and tears it in forty pieces. 'I don't wish to inherit,' he says, 'to Miss Harper's exclusion. She is a delicate girl, brought up in luxury; I am accustomed to roughing it. I will not touch old Dewbury's money, neither will I have her know that any different disposition of it has ever been made.' Well, sir, not all my arguments could avail. Granite rock never was firmer than he. So, of course, seeing that he had destroyed the will, there was nothing for it but to submit. Now that, sir, is what *I* call modern heroism—romance in real life!"

They talked on; but what more they said Genevieve Harper could never have told. Nor did she afterwards know exactly how she got out into the fresh, free air, where the sunshine seemed to blind her aching eyes, and the sound of many footfalls to deafen her like the surges of Niagara. But all of a sudden, a well known figure stood confronting her—a pair of blue, earnest eyes gazed down into hers. It was Guy Ferroll.

"Miss Harper, how ill you look!"

Viva shrank back.

"I will not take it, Mr. Ferroll. Henceforth I never will touch another penny of it!"

"Of what, Miss Harper?"

"Of the money that is yours! Why did you not tell me? why did you allow me—oh, Guy, I never thought that of you!"

And our proud, fiery little Viva was actually sobbing.

Guy Ferroll made no comment; he offered no remonstrance; he simply drew Genevieve's arm under his and walked deliberately on until he reached her residence; then he walked deliberately up stairs, and walked deliberately into the drawing-room with her, before he said:

"And now, Viva, tell me what all this means."

She told him, with flushed cheeks and humid eyes, ending with the same passionate asseveration:

"I will not touch it!"

"Gently, Viva," he interrupted; "gently, Miss Harper. There is no longer any question about it—the will under which you inherit is the latest now in existence!"

"But it would not have been, if—if——"

"If I had not torn up one still later on the very evening of the day on which you rejected me. I do not repent the act, Miss Harper."

"But I tell you, Guy Ferroll, I will not keep it; I will give it all back."

"I shall not receive it, Miss Harper."

"Guy?"

"Viva."

What was it in her eyes, all sparkling and swimming like shady constellations of light, that brought the sudden glow to his cheek?

"Guy, you *will*—take it?"

"Viva, I shall *not* take it. It would not satisfy me, unless——"

"Unless what?"

"Unless you give me your sweet self too, Viva. My little treasure, must I woo you a second time in vain?"

No—not in vain! All the best and noblest impulses of the little heiress's spoiled nature were aroused at last; she saw Guy Ferroll as he was, and loved him all the better in that she had slighted him before. And when, late at night, Viva came to the room where Miss Pennoyer was rolling her stiff curls in stiffer curl papers, the old spinster looked up and said:

"Mercy upon us, child, what's the matter?"

"Nothing, Dolly," said Viva, softly, "only I'm engaged to Guy Ferroll!"

And old Mr. Pendexter rejoiced greatly that "things had settled themselves" so nicely.

ERNEST WESTERFIELD'S CHOICE.

BY MISS LEE.

"Aunt Sarah, what a very sweet face Mrs. Westerfield has. Whenever I see her I think there must be some romantic story connected with her. Though her face is so sweet, I think it strange that Mr. Westerfield married her."

"So many thought when they heard that Ernest Westerfield's choice had fallen on Helena Butler. Our village manifested a great deal of surprise, indignation, contempt and envy, when they knew that he for whose preference the handsomest and wealthiest girls of the village hoped, had been blind to all their attractions, and selected poor deformed Helena."

"I wish, aunt, as you were acquainted with her when she was a girl, you would tell me all about her marriage. I am sure it must be interesting."

"Since you desire it, I will do so; but I cannot promise you that it will be very interesting. It is but a simple story. As you are aware, Mrs. Westerfield and I were born and brought up in the same village. We attended the same school when we were children, and as we grew up became much attached to each other. Some of her schoolmates were kind and pitied her for her misfortune; others did not hesitate to laugh at her figure, and make remarks on it which often reached her ears. Their unkindness hurt her extremely, sometimes causing her to cry. We that loved her were very indignant, and I am afraid we would have retaliated if she had not prevented us. Helena was sweet-tempered and forgiving, and after coming for some time to school she became accustomed to the thoughtless and unkind remarks of her companions, and was little affected by them. Ernest Westerfield was in the habit of spending part of the summer with his grandmother, and as some of his cousins attended the school, he became acquainted with all the school children. Ernest was a few years older than Helena—about as old as I. His cousins were intimate with me, but did not associate with Helena, not considering her their equal. Mr. Butler kept a little book-store; but as he had not capital enough to buy a large assortment, his business was quite small, merely affording a respectable maintenance for his family. Probably Mr. Butler was not a clever business man; but he was a good man, and brought his children up well, but could not afford to dress them as well as the children of the rich farmers, and store-keepers of the village. Ernest knew me well from meeting me at his cousins' house; and one day, when I was walking from school with Helena, he met us, and, taking Helena's books and mine, insisted on carrying them home. This was the commencement of his acquaintance with Helena. After that he often met us, and always took our books. He was only a boy then, and no one attached any importance to his actions. When he was about fifteen his grandmother died, and for some years he did not come to our village. From his cousins I heard that after leaving college he spent two years in Germany to perfect himself in languages and to study the manners and customs of the Europeans.

"At last it was announced that Ernest Westerfield was coming to spend some time with his relatives. As his father was a wealthy New York merchant, and on account of his education and good looks, Ernest Westerfield was now quite a lion in our little village. His cousins determined to give a large party in his honor. Ernest arrived on Saturday, and appeared in his old place at church the following day. If he was conscious of the many glances cast on him, he did not seem so, but gave his whole attention to the service. He was tall and slight, very quiet and grave looking. As I walked out of church leaning on my husband's arm, I thought that, notwithstanding Ernest's advantages of money, position and education, my own husband was much handsomer, and quite rich enough and learned enough for me. However, reports of Mr. Westerfield's wealth had excited the minds of our maidens, and Ernest was a great hero. He was unconscious of it, however, and greeted pleasantly old acquaintances as he recognized them. Just as he had shaken hands with me and been introduced to my husband, he saw Helena walking away with her parents and brother and sisters. He quickly followed them, and stood speaking to them for a few moments. Then he rejoined his cousins and accompanied them home.

"By this time Helena was seventeen. But for her crooked back she was a very pretty, attractive girl. However, her deformity prevented her from indulging in the hopes of most young girls. I was her most intimate friend, and knew on what her hopes were fixed. She was most attentive to the duties of her home and her church, really carrying into her daily life the principles of her faith. Her misfortune had turned her thoughts heavenward.

"The invitations for the party had been issued about ten days, and the young ladies appeared in the most elegant toilettes they could command. Of course the Butlers were not invited; but as they never had been asked to any of the parties given by Ernest's cousins, nor indeed by most of the other fashionable people, the circumstance was only considered as a matter of course. It was a pleasant party. The guests looked their best, and did their best to please. Ernest did his duty as hero of the evening, dancing with those to whom his cousins presented him; but if any of the fair young girls there expected particular attention from him, they were disappointed. His manner was the same to all—perfectly polite, but nothing more.

"The next afternoon in passing Helena's house I went in to see her. I had been there but a little while when Ernest Westerfield came in. As a boy he had been very intimate with the Butlers, and now he seemed to ignore the lapse of years, and came in as if he were still a boy and Helena a school-girl. He had always been a favorite with the Butler family, and Mr. and Mrs. Butler came into the little sitting-room and talked to him about places and persons which he had seen and of which they had read.

"I went away. Ernest was still there, having accepted an invitation to remain for tea.

I believe he visited the Butlers often while his stay lasted. His going so often to Mr. Butler's did not cause curiosity, because it was supposed he went there for books and papers. There was much disappointment when he returned to New York without having shown the slightest preference for any of the village fair who were so eager for his attention. He had formed a decision which annoyed his cousins extremely. He had studied for a profession—that is, the preparatory studies—but finding that his father required some one on whom he could fully rely, the young man gave up his ambitious dreams of shining in a learned profession, and entered his father's store.

"After Christmas he came again to our village to enjoy the sleighing. It was very fine that year. A sleighing party was made up. Ernest hired a sleigh, and claimed the privilege of inviting whom he pleased to fill it. He asked the Butlers, my husband and me, and one or two others. Mr. and Mrs. Butler would not go, but Helena and her brother and sisters did. We had a delightful ride, till, as we were coming home, something frightened the horses, and, running to the side of the road, they upset the sleigh. Fortunately no one was hurt; but Helena, who was not very strong, was very much alarmed, and at first we thought she was injured. By the bright moonlight I could see the deep anxiety and concern which he felt, written on Ernest's face as he begged her to say if she were much hurt. In a few moments she was able to assure him that she was not hurt at all, only frightened. He was not satisfied till he had called the next day and found her as cheerful and well as usual.

"I began then to wonder in my own mind what Ernest Westerfield meant by his visits to the Butlers, for I did not suppose a man with such a position and prospects would select Helena for a wife. I was mistaken, as you know. Well, the next summer Ernest came again. It happened that Mr. Butler was quite ill at the time. One day I called to inquire how he was, and found Ernest there for the same purpose. As I was going to see his cousins, we walked away together, speaking of Mr. Butler and the probability of his recovery. We found two young ladies in the parlor with his cousins. On mentioning where we had been, and how dangerously ill Mr. Butler was, one of the young ladies exclaimed:

"'I wonder what will become of his family, especially Helena.'

"'Why do you say—especially Helena?' said Ernest.

"'Why, because she can't do anything but sew for a living, while her sisters will be likely to marry when they are old enough.'

"'And is not Miss Butler as likely to marry as her sisters?'

"'Why, Mr. Westerfield, who would think of marrying Helena Butler? Poor girl, I am sure I pity her very much. She is not very strong, and sewing steadily will come hard to her. Her brother, too, is so young, too young to do more than take care of himself.'

"'Oh, let us talk of something else. Perhaps Mr. Butler will recover,' said the other young lady.

"'And even in the event of Mr. Butler's death, no doubt his family will be taken care of,' added Ernest.

"Mr. Butler recovered; and Ernest was very attentive to him during his convalescence, sitting with him, bringing him fruit and reading for him. Going to Mr. Butler's on the last afternoon of Ernest's visit to his cousins, I heard, on approaching the open window of the sitting-room, the sound of suppressed crying. Alarmed lest Mr. Butler was worse, I hastily entered the house and pushed open the door of the sitting-room, hearing the words: 'Indeed, I never think about it, and why should it separate us? Helena, be merciful to me.' Helena Butler was sitting down, crying bitterly, with one hand covering her face. Ernest Westerfield was leaning over her, holding her other hand firmly in his. I saw at a glance what had happened, and was turning away as quickly as I could, when Ernest called me back. 'Mrs. Benson, you are Helena's friend. Tell her that her scruples are unreasonable; that since we love each other, there is no reason why we should not be happy. I will leave her to you—try and persuade her.'

"He went away, and then with many tears poor Helena told me how fondly he had asked her to be his wife, and how on account of her deformity she had refused; but that he would not take her refusal. I remained with her some time, but could not persuade her that it would be right to accept Ernest. She begged me to keep her secret, and I promised her I would. When I saw her again I wondered at the happy, peaceful expression of her face, till she whispered to me that Ernest had returned that night and succeeded in making her break her resolution to remain unmarried.

"I asked permission to tell my husband. He and I kept the secret of Ernest and Helena's engagement,—not that Ernest had any objection to the whole world's knowing, but Helena shrank from being the object of the gossip of the neighborhood. So our village was surprised more than it had ever been, when, one bright morning the following spring, the report spread that Ernest and Helena were going to be married in our little church. Short as the notice was, the church was fuller than it usually was on Sunday. Helena's two little sisters were bridesmaids. They looked very pretty in white muslin dresses. Helena herself wore a gray travelling dress, with a cape of the same material, and a pretty straw bonnet trimmed with lilac ribbon. Ernest and Helena had hoped that the wedding would be over before any would know of it except the few invited, but their minds were too well filled with each other and the solemn service which united them, to be affected by the presence of the neighbors or to be conscious of the ill-natured glances cast upon them. Well, that is about sixteen years ago; and I do not think Ernest Westerfield has ever regretted his choice. When I come to New York, I always visit my old friend, and I often think it strange that all worldly treasures should be given to one whose mind is fixed above them. Perhaps it is because she and her husband know how to use them without abusing them. They have a beautiful house, carriage, and horses, servants, and fashionable apparel. Helena dresses well to gratify her husband, who likes to see his wife look well. She is as simple and unaffected as ever, and, except that she looks older, is very little changed. You meet her daughters at school, and know what nice pleasant girls they are. All her children are tall, slight, and well-formed like their father. Health—that is, strong health—is the only blessing denied to them. Still they have as good health as most people have now; and, as they are looking forward to a world where there is no weakness nor illness, they may well be satisfied without a full measure of what is indeed the greatest blessing. Now, my dear, I believe I have told you all I can about Mrs. Westerfield's marriage. Is the story as interesting as you expected it to be?"

"Yes, Aunt Sarah. Thank you for telling it to me! But where are Mr. and Mrs. Butler, and the other children?"

"Still living in our village. Mr. Butler is better off,—his son is helping him; one daughter is married, the other is at home. Helena visits her parents from time to time with her children."

* * *

—Hatred and vengeance are very different sentiments; one is that of little minds, the other the effect of a law to which great souls are obedient. God avenges and does not hate. Hatred is the vice of narrow souls, they feed it with all their littlenesses, and make it the pretext of base tyrannies.

WIT AND HUMOR.

The Sultan's Musical Taste.—During the Sultan's visit to Paris, the Imperial band played several of their best pieces for his entertainment. At the conclusion, he was asked which of the pieces he preferred. He replied, the first; which was accordingly recommenced,—but stopped, as not being the right one. Others were tried with as little success, until at length the band, almost in despair of discovering the favorite air, began tuning their instruments, when his Highness instantly exclaimed, "*Inshallah!* Heaven be praised! that is it."

A DETERMINED PAIR.

Anna.

Now, mother, dear, don't talk, I pray,
My heart remains true still;
In spite of all you choose to say,
I'm bound to have my *Will.*

William.

No longer, Father, will I stand
This overbearing manner;
With her I'll leave my home and land,
For I'm bound to *Have Anna.*

A new recruit coming into action followed the example of his comrades, and loaded his musket. Having done this, he placed the breech of his piece on the ground, and appeared to be anxiously endeavoring to draw his charge. One of his comrades observing him, sung out, "Jim, why don't you fire, and let 'em have it, boy?" "Because," replied Jim, "I durstn't dare to,—I shall hurt somebody, for I've got a ball in my gun, and can't get it out."

A Vast Difference.—A faggot-man, carrying a load, by accident brushed against a doctor. The doctor was very angry, and was going to beat him with his fist. "Pray, don't use your precious hand, good sir,—kick me, and welcome!" The bystanders asked him what he meant. Says the woodman, "If he kicks me with his foot, I shall recover; but if I once *come under his hands*, it will be all over with me."

A witness in a late divorce suit kept saying that the wife had a very *retaliating* disposition—that she "retaliated for every little thing." "Did you ever see her husband kiss her?" asked the wife's counsel. "Yes, sir, often." "Well, what did she do, on such occasions?" "She always *retaliated*, sir." (Great laughter, and wife triumphant.)

The other day, an old sailor, at the southern end of the City Hall Park, caused a great commotion by yelling out, "Hallo, there! I say! Murder! Fire! Watch! Gridirons! Brimstone! Halloah-ao!" "What is the matter? what's the matter?" asked the crowd. "Why, I'm out of terbacker—got any about ye, any of ye?" was the cool reply.

A young lady named Buchanan, who was once rallying her cousin, an officer, on his courage, said: "Now, Mr. ——, do you really mean to tell me you can walk up to a cannon's mouth without fear?" "Yes," was the prompt reply, "or a Buchanan's either." And he did.

A witty and popular clergyman, being one day asked by a lady parishioner, what difference there was between a clock and a woman, instantly replied, "A clock serves to point out the hours, and a woman makes us forget them."

"Sam," said one little urchin to another, yesterday,—"Sam, does your schoolmaster ever give you any rewards of merit?" "I s'pose he does," was the reply; "he gives me a lickin' regular every day, and says I merit two."

An Accommodating Wife.—A preacher, in a funeral sermon on a lady, after summing up her good qualities, added that she always reached her husband his hat, when he called for it, without muttering.

"I dreampt that I dwelt in marble halls," is a favorite song with convicts, when they are leaving the Tombs for Blackwell's Island.

Why may an "absquatulating" rascal be said to be a man of integrity? Because he is a *non est* (an honest) man.

Why is a fine woman like a locomotive? Because she draws a train after her, scatters the sparks and transports the males.

If a person *will* take snuff, what is the best that he can take? A snuff of the morning air.

Practical and Sentimental.—Pity without relief is worse than mustard without beef.

CURRENT ITEMS.

There has been a controversy between Postmaster Rogers of Meriden, Conn., and Editor Riggs of the *Recorder*, of the same place. In the course of it Mr. Rogers with another man went into Mr. Riggs' office to assault him, but the bold editor beat them off and then had them put in jail. We know little of the questions involved; but if any fact could prove one party in the wrong, it would be to go with double numbers to assault the other party; and if any fact could prove Mr. Rogers in the right, it would be his victory under such circumstances.

A vessel which recently touched at Havana reported that a couple of the crew were pulled out of a small boat in which they were rowing, (while the ship lay becalmed in the Caribbean Sea,) by a huge cuttle-fish, whose arms seemed to be about twelve feet long. The rest of the crew were so horror-stricken by the unexpected and horrible fate of their shipmates, that none of them would go off after the boat, and it was left to float away.

A young man was sent into Missouri a short time ago, with four thousand dollars in cash, to buy live stock. After looking about considerably he selected a young and handsome girl, gave her father four thousand dollars for her, married her, and settled down on a valuable farm which the old man deeded to his daughter. This was thought a merry joke, until the sheriff came and carried the young man off for swindling.

A young lady (a school-teacher) in Michigan, while going to her school one morning, passed a wheat-field in which a reaping machine was at work. She and another girl took a seat on the reaper, just to see how it would seem; the horses took fright; the girls were thrown among the knives, and the teacher was horribly and fatally mangled. Her companion was not much hurt.

An anaconda, about twelve feet long, recently escaped from a showman in New Orleans, and took up its quarters in a bed-room, in the fourth story of a boarding-house, where it was found in the evening by the occupant of the room. How it got there no one could say. It was captured, after a vigorous skirmish, and restored to its owner.

A Sharp Court.—An Indiana paper says that the trial of a case has had to be gone over again in that State, because it was found after the trial was concluded that the defendant had been sworn as a juror and actually helped to bring in a verdict in his own favor.

A well-known lawyer, who lives in Westchester county, was knocked down and robbed, by two highwaymen, on the old road between Bedford and Newcastle, one evening last week. A gold watch and a roll of greenbacks rewarded the audacity of the villains.

A letter from Mexico states that the body of Maximilian is to be buried in the centre of the great square in that city, and a monument erected above it, as an everlasting warning to royal fillibusters to keep clear of the land of the Montezumas.

A vile scamp, who has been preying upon the community for some time, was caught the other day in robbing an errand boy of a bundle of velvet worth about $650 dollars, and locked up preparatory to being tried and sent to the State's Prison.

A Newark expressman has been arrested for allowing a couple of disabled horses to starve to death. It is said that the animals, in trying to appease their hunger, eat entirely through a timber six inches in thickness.

A black bear entered the "settlement" of Grassland, Minn., one pleasant afternoon, and attempted to carry off a little boy of four years; but a public-spirited citizen defeated the animal's intention by lodging a rifle ball in its brain.

A citizen of New Jersey who undertook to drink two gallons of hard cider within an hour, had not got far into the second gallon when he was attacked by cholera morbus and died in about ten hours.

In Nevada and Colorado they have bricks which are worth from five to fifteen hundred dollars a piece; they are made of silver and gold. The ordinary brick is of no account out there.

It is rumored that the Sultan of Turkey is very anxious to visit the United States. He would probably go as far as Utah, if he once got started in that direction.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1867.

NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends to act as such for us, you can put him down as a swindler.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

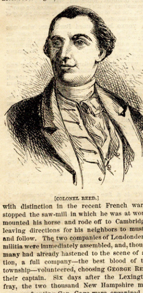
RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE.

By HORACE GREELEY.

No. III.

"THE TIMES THAT TRIED MEN'S SOULS."

The Scotch-Irish founders of *our* Londonderry indignantly eschewed the characterization of "Irish," which was sometimes maliciously, but oftener ignorantly, applied to them; stoutly insisting that, as staunch Protestants and zealous upholders of the Hanoverian succession, they should not be confounded with the savage and intractable Celtic Papists who were indigenous to Ireland. Devoted loyalty was their pride and boast, and was usefully evinced in the "Old French War," which lasted from 1756 to 1763, and effected a transfer of the Canadas from France to Great Britain; yet the British assumption, directly thereafter, of a right to impose taxes on the colonies without their consent, was here early, promptly, zealously, persistently resisted; and the tidings that colonial blood had been shed by British soldiers at Lexington, Mass., on the 19th of April, 1775, operated like an electric shock on this rural, peace-loving community. Ten minutes after receiving it, JOHN STARK—who had served with distinction in the recent French war—stopped the saw-mill in which he was at work, mounted his horse and rode off to Cambridge, leaving directions for his neighbors to muster and follow. The two companies of Londonderry militia were immediately assembled, and, though many had already hastened to the scene of action, a full company—the best blood of the township—volunteered, choosing GEORGE REED their captain. Six days after the Lexington fray, the two thousand New Hampshire men now confronting Gen. Gage were organized by the convention sitting at Exeter into two regiments, with Stark and Reed as their respective colonels. Another regiment from this thinly peopled colony was soon formed under Colonel Poor; but the left wing of our army, stationed near Medford, was composed of the two regiments commanded by Londonderry colonels; and these, under Stark and Reed, were soon deputed to join the Connecticut men under Putnam, and the Massachusetts regiment under Prescott, in throwing up and holding the breastwork on Bunker's or Breed's Hill, in Charlestown, which the British assailed next day with such memorable consequences. Londonderry had 130 men behind those slight defences. In the struggle for this position, the New Hampshire men lost 19 killed and 74 wounded.



[COLONEL REED.]

The three New Hampshire regiments were detached from Washington's army to swell that which, in 1776, was organized in this State, under General Sullivan, for the conquest of Canada; but which, having invaded that Province by way of the Hudson and Lake Champlain, found itself outnumbered and compelled to retreat to Ticonderoga, losing a third of its number by sickness, privation and exposure. Rejoining Gen. Washington, Stark's regiment was conspicuous in the brilliant affair at Trenton, where it had the advance, and participated in the succeeding actions at Princeton and Springfield, N. J.

In the list of promotions made by Congress next Spring, Stark's name did not appear; whereupon he promptly and indignantly resigned. But, on the alarm of Burgoyne's invasion from Canada, soon afterward, a fresh appeal to the patriotism of the people was made by the General Assembly of New Hampshire; when Londonderry raised another company of 70 men, besides contributing liberally to existing organizations. In fact, there was nearly a levy *en masse* of the able-bodied men of this State and the debatable lands now known as Vermont. Stark was asked to take command of the new militia, and did so; stipulating only that he should not be subordinate to any other commander. Hence he refused to obey Gen. Schuyler's order to advance to and cross the Hudson, giving excellent reasons therefor; but, remaining within the territory his men were called out to protect, he fought and won —(Aug. 16, 1777)—the brilliant battle of Bennington, routing and killing Col. Baum, the Hessian commander, and taking 500 prisoners. His speech to his troops, on the brink of engaging, ran substantially thus: "Boys, you see them Hessians. King George gave £4 7s. 6d. a piece for 'em. I reckon we are worth more, and will prove it directly. If not, Molly Stark sleeps a widow to-night!" There have been more elegant and far longer speeches; but this went as straight to its mark as a bullet.

The danger to his State having thus been averted, Stark hastened to join Gen. Gates on the Hudson, was in the council which fixed the terms of Burgoyne's surrender, and was soon thereafter restored to position in the Continental line—Congress making reparation for its oversight by publicly thanking him for his victory at Bennington, and appointing him a Brigadier-General in the regular service. He remained in the army till the close of the war, and lived forty years thereafter—dying May 8, 1822, in his 94th year.

Col. Reed, though not awarded his rank in the Continental service, also served through the war—taking part in the battles of Long Island, White Plains, Trenton, Saratoga, Stillwater, Brandywine, Germantown, and in Sullivan's Indian expedition. Having at length risen to a Continental colonelcy, he was in command at Albany in 1782, when he was favored with several letters from Washington, of whose military and political character he was evermore a passionate admirer. Having left his family in haste, on the tidings of the first shot, he paid it but two or three hurried visits in midwinter till honorably mustered out of service after the close of the war in the summer of 1783. Meantime his wife, Mary, sister of my grandfather Woodburn, was the ruler of his household, the manager of his farm and business, and the sharer in full measure of his fervid, unwearying patriotism. He lived to fill several public stations, including those of Brigadier-General and Sheriff of his county; dying in 1815, aged 82 years. His wife survived him; dying in 1823, at the ripe age of 88.

Never was a war more essentially popular than that waged in support of American Independence, and never were the issues involved more thoroughly debated or more clearly understood by a people. Congress having, early in 1776, requested the authorities of each township to ascertain and to disarm all persons "who are notoriously disaffected to the cause of America," the selectmen of Londonderry reported the names of 374 adult males in that town who had severally signed the following pledge:

> "We, the subscribers, do hereby solemnly engage and promise that we will, to the utmost of our power, at the risk of our lives and fortunes, with arms, oppose the hostile proceedings of the British fleets and armies against the United American Colonies."

Of course, those who had already enlisted and were then absent in the continental service, should be added to the above list, raising it nearly to five hundred, while barely fifteen men in that entire community refused to sign. Several "Tories," however, had already left, finding the place too hot for them: among them, Major Robert Rogers, of the "Rangers," raised in 1756, who had served with distinction throughout the French War, but who now, taking the wrong side, was proscribed, and fled to England, where he died. Col. Stephen Holland, who had been one of the most eminent and popular citizens, and had held several important public trusts, after concealing and denying his Toryism so long as he could, finally proclaimed it by fleeing to Gen. Gage at Boston, whereupon his property was confiscated. Nowhere was Toryism more execrated; and the suggestion in the Treaty of Paris that the Loyalists should be permitted to return to the communities they had, to serve the king, deserted, was unanimously scouted and defied in full town meeting.

Dr. Matthew Thornton, whose name heads the list of signers to the pledge aforesaid, soon afterward affixed his signature to the immortal Declaration of American Independence. He was born in Ireland in 1714, but brought over when but three years old; early commenced the practice of medicine in Londonderry, and steadily rose to esteem and competence. He was a surgeon of the New Hampshire forces in the expedition against Cape Breton, in 1745, and was a colonel of militia at the breaking out of the Revolution. He was President of the first Provincial Convention assembled in New Hampshire after the retirement of the royal Gov. Wentworth, and was chosen by it a delegate to Congress, in which he did not take his seat till November, 1776; when—though it was the darkest hour of the struggle—he at once signed the Declaration. After peace was restored, though no lawyer, he was chosen a judge of the Superior Court, and afterward Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas. He died in 1803, aged 89.

From first to last, Londonderry furnished 347 soldiers to the Revolutionary armies, while her whole number of adult males cannot, as we have seen, have exceeded 500. Some of these served but for short terms; yet, after making every deduction, this record, from a purely rural township whose youth had for forty years been constantly drawn away to pioneer new settlements, not only in different parts of New Hampshire, but in Londonderry and Windham, Vermont, Truro, Nova Scotia, Cherry Valley, N. Y., &c., &c., is one which her children have a right to regard with affectionate pride. And not only were town bounties—liberal, considering the value of money in those days—paid to her volunteers, but their families were shielded from want by the provident care of her authorities and people. Food was scarce and dear; clothing was scarcer and dearer; but those who fought their country's battles were consoled by the thought that, whatever might befall them, their wives and little ones should not famish or freeze while bread or cloth remained. And, when independence and peace were at length achieved, it was a proud reflection that they had been won by the constancy and devotion, not of a class or a portion, but of the entire people.

* * *

FLUNKEY AMERICANS ABROAD.

It is computed that fifty thousand Americans are at present "doing Europe," and as our fashionable people are migrating in swarms while they remigrate but slowly, it is not improbable that the number will be swelled to one hundred thousand before mid-winter. "Dear, delightful Paris" is, of course, the principal pleasure-ground of this debonair crowd. The Centre of Fashion, the Paradise of Intrigue, the Circean City where the flower-wreathed chalice of Temptation is proffered to Wealth and Folly at every turn, draws our fast young men into its whirl of disreputable dissipation as surely as a beacon light on the seaboard attracts the gulls and fish-hawks. The German Spas, next to Paris, are the places where Americans most do congregate. Baden-Baden is very dear to them in every sense of the word. There enthusiastic young "Milor Americaines," who travel on their dollars, can "fight the tiger" to their hearts' content, and lose their money in grandiose style to needy Teutonic barons and "hard up" duodecimo princes, who pocket it with infinite *sang-froid*. There, too, those of our lady tourists, who are nothing if not sumptuous, have a fine opportunity to try conclusions with hereditary rank in the matter of fol-de-rols and furbelows. For at Baden-Baden, be it known, the fair ladies of fashion wear skirts and bodices of Valenciennes lace worth $30,000 apiece, and pin the feathers of their "splendiferous" hats with aigrettes of diamonds. Of course, the ladies of our Lords of the Flowing Well, and the fair dames of the lucremongers who have picked up wealth on the war-path, are perfectly at home at Baden-Baden. But, after all, there is nothing like a winter in Paris to freshly-gilded Americans of both sexes. Eugenie is there, and Napoleon. There is a chance of getting, by hook or by crook, into the Tuileries, and being gazetted among the "presented."

This is by no means a great country in the eyes of many of its mushroom grandees. Fortunately, however, the American millions rate their country and its institutions at their true value, and now that both have been saved from ruin at such a tremendous cost, are prouder of them than ever. Let the bogus "sovereigns" circulate among congenial trumpery abroad. We have plenty of the true metal at home that rings full and clear under every test.

THE TWO CATOS.

BY JAMES PARTON.

In the history of Rome we find eleven persons of some note who are called Cato, two of whom were men of very great eminence. The word Cato, however, was only a surname, derived from a Latin word which signifies *wise*, and which, being applied to the founder of the family, was adopted by his descendants for many generations. The first and greatest of the Catos was really named Marcus Partius, and to distinguish him from his descendants, he is sometimes called Cato the First, or the Ancient, sometimes Cato Major, but, most commonly, Cato the Censor, from the title of the office in which he was most distinguished. It is especially necessary not to confound this ancient Cato with his grandson, Cato "the Philosopher," who put an end to his own existence after the death of his commander, Pompey, and who is the hero of Addison's "Tragedy of Cato."

Cato the Censor was born two hundred and thirty-two years before Christ. While confessing that his ancestors were of no rank in the State, he boasts that his grandfather had five horses killed under him in battle, and that his father was also a brave and excellent soldier. Having inherited from his father a farm and some slaves, he labored with them in cultivating his land, and lived so frugally and austerely as to attract the notice and win the respect of his neighbors. When he was seventeen years of age Hannibal was in Italy with his triumphant army, threatening Rome itself, and young Cato joined the forces who, under the prudent command of Fabius, were opposing and tiring out the impetuous Carthaginians. In the army he distinguished himself as much by the severity of his manners as by his valor in battle. He always marched on foot, carried his own arms and was attended but by one servant, laden with provisions. His usual drink was water, and he assisted his servant in the preparation of their food. When he had served his country in the field for five years, and Italy was no longer trodden by a hostile foot, he went back to his farm and engaged once more in the labors of agriculture. He was accustomed to conciliate the disputes of his neighbors, and to plead their causes without reward in the country courts, and was frequently successful, either as an arbiter or as an advocate, in bringing troublesome litigations to a happy conclusion.

Near Cato's farm-house there was the mansion of a powerful young nobleman, named Valerius Flaccus, a man of much benevolence, and a noted patron of obscure genius. This nobleman often heard his servants speak of a farmer in the vicinity who used to go to the little country towns and defend the causes of the poor; who labored upon his farm in a coarse frock in winter, and naked in summer, and who sat down with his slaves and ate the same kind of bread and drank the same wine as they did. Various witty sayings of Cato were also reported to Valerius Flaccus, which further excited his curiosity. And at length he invited Cato to dinner. The acquaintance thus begun ripened into an intimate friendship, and Valerius strongly urged Cato to go to Rome and apply himself to politics. This advice was taken, and Cato went to the capital, and adopted what we should call the profession of a lawyer. He pleaded causes before the public tribunals, in which he won great distinction, and was soon drawn into public life. During the later wars with Hannibal he served as an officer under Fabius, won great distinction in battle, and lived on terms of friendship with the general in command. Being once sent as questor to Scipio, who was organizing a Roman army in Sicily for the invasion of Africa, he dared to rebuke that able and popular general for his extravagance. He said to Scipio:

"It is not the waste of the public money which is the greatest evil, but the consequences of that expense in corrupting the ancient simplicity of the soldiers, who, when they have more money than they need, are sure to spend it in luxury and riot."

Scipio haughtily replied that he had no need of an exact and frugal treasurer in his camp, because his country expected of him an account of services performed, not of money expended.

Upon receiving this reply Cato returned to Rome, and loudly complained to the Senate of Scipio's gayety and profusion.

"He walks about," said Cato, "in his cloak and slippers, and lets his soldiers do as they like. He passes his time in wrestling rings and theatres, as though he had been sent out to exhibit games and shows, not to make war."

Commissioners were dispatched to Scipio's army to inquire into the truth of these charges, but Scipio succeeded in convincing them that he understood his business better than Cato, and sent them home satisfied with his conduct.

Before he was forty years of age Cato was elected to the consulship, the highest office in the State, and his associate consul was that very Valerius Flaccus who had recommended him to try his fortune at the capital. As consul he commanded Roman armies, added conquests to the empire, and, returning from a successful campaign in Spain, was rewarded with a triumph. Twelve years later we find him in the office of Censor, and again associated with Valerius Flaccus. In this office he waged ceaseless war upon the luxury of the rich by imposing heavy taxes upon costly apparel, carriages, ornaments and utensils. He cut off the supply of water from those who had fountains and ponds in their gardens, and in every way flattered the poor by making himself odious to the rich. Instead, however, of relating the actions of Cato, it will be more interesting to give some specimens of his sayings.

When the Romans were clamoring at a time of scarcity for a distribution of corn at the public expense, he began a speech in opposition to it thus: "It is hard, fellow-citizens, to address the stomach, because it has no ears."

Rebuking the Romans for their luxury, he said: "It is difficult to save a city from ruin where a fish brings a higher price than an ox."

Pointing to a man who had squandered an estate near the sea, he pretended to admire him, saying: "What the sea could not swallow without great difficulty, this man has gulped down with perfect ease."

Being rebuked for not visiting a king who was visiting Rome, he said: "I look upon a king as a creature that feeds upon human flesh, and of all the kings that have been so much cried up, I find none to be compared with Epaminondas, Pericles, or Themistocles."

The following is one of his most famous sayings: "Wise men learn more from fools than fools learn from wise men; for the wise avoid the errors of fools, but fools do not profit by the example of the wise."

"I do not like," he said once, "a soldier who moves his hands when he marches and his feet when he fights, and who snores louder in bed than he shouts in battle."

His friendship being sought by an epicure, he replied: "No; I cannot live with a man whose palate is more sensitive than his heart."

He said once that in the whole of his life he had never repented but of three things: "first, trusting a woman with a secret; second, going by sea when he might have gone by land; third, passing a day without having his will in his possession."

To a debauched old man he said: "Old age has deformities enough of its own; do not add to it the deformity of vice."

One of his sayings has exposed him to just censure; one of the fragments of his writing that remains is the following: "A master of a family should sell off his old oxen, and all his cattle that are of a delicate frame, all his sheep that are not hardy; he should sell his old wagons, and his old implements; *he should sell such of his slaves as are old and infirm*, and everything else that is old and useless." Alluding to this passage, the amiable Plutarch becomes properly indignant, and says: "For my own part, I would not sell even an old ox that had labored for me; much less would I remove, for the sake of a little money, *a man* grown old in my service from his usual place and diet; for to him, poor man! it would be as bad as banishment, since he could be of no more use to the buyer than he was to the seller."

The truth about Cato appears to be that he was more vain of his virtue than virtuous. He was a most extravagant and shameless boaster, and had more talent to utter fine sayings than to perform actions truly praiseworthy. He tells us himself that the Senate, in difficult and dangerous times, used to cast their eyes upon him as passengers do upon the pilot in a storm. And he once spoke of some blunderers in this way: "They are excusable; they are not Catos."

In his old age he became exceedingly avaricious, and gained a large fortune by methods which were legal, but not very honorable. He even uttered this sentiment: "That man, truly wonderful and godlike, and fit to be registered in the lists of glory, is he by whose account books it shall appear, after his death, that he had more than doubled what he had received from his ancestors."

He retained his bodily strength to a very great age. When he was past eighty years, he called one morning upon a man who had formerly been his secretary, and asked him whether he had yet provided a husband for his daughter.

"I have not," was the reply, "nor shall I without consulting my best friend."

"Why, then," said Cato, "I have found out a very fit husband for her, if she can put up with an old man who in other respects is a very good match for her."

"I leave the disposal of her," said the father, "entirely to you. She is under your protection, and depends wholly upon your bounty."

"Then," said Cato, "I will be your son-in-law."

The astonished parent gave his consent, and Cato announced his intention to his son, who was himself a married man.

"Why, what have I done," said the son, "that I should have a mother-in-law put upon me?"

"I am only desirous," replied Cato, "of having more such sons as you, and leaving more such citizens to my country."

By this wife, who was little more than a girl, he actually had a son who himself became consul of Rome, and was the father of the other famous Cato, the enemy of Cæsar.

It was Cato who urged the Romans never to cease warring upon Carthage until it was totally destroyed. For many years, it is said, he never spoke in the senate on any subject whatever without concluding his speech thus:

"And my opinion is that Carthage should be destroyed."

The leader of the opposite party in the senate concluded every speech by saying:

"And my opinion is that Carthage should be left standing."

Cato, it appears, had an ill-favored countenance; so, at least, his enemies said, one of whom wrote upon him the following epigram:

> "With eyes so gray and hair so red,
> With tusks so sharp and keen,
> Thou'lt fright the shades when thou art dead,
> And hell won't let thee in."

Cato, called the Philosopher, who is sometimes styled Cato of Utica, because it was at Utica that he killed himself, was born ninety-five years before Christ, and showed in his youth the austerity of character which had distinguished his illustrious ancestor. Like all Romans of rank, he served in the army, and won considerable renown in suppressing the insurrection of the slaves which was excited and led by the gladiator Spartacus.

Like the ancient Cato, he disdained the luxuries usually enjoyed by officers of rank. He refused the rewards for his valor offered him by his commander, and appeared upon the march in a dress which differed little from that of a private. When the liberties of Rome were threatened by Cæsar, he took service under Pompey; and after his general was slain, and Cæsar was master of Rome, he thought it unbecoming a Roman citizen to continue to live. He carried out his suicidal intention with singular calmness and resolution. After supping cheerfully with several of his friends, he went into his room, where he embraced his son with such unusual tenderness as to awaken the suspicion that he intended to terminate his life. He lay down upon his bed and read for a while Plato's Dialogue upon the Immortality of the Soul. When he had finished reading he looked round and observed that his sword had been taken away. He called for it; and when his son and friends rushed into the room in tears, Cato cried out:

"How long is it since I have lost my senses, and my son is become my keeper? Brave and generous son, why do you not bind your father's hands, that when Cæsar comes he may find me unable to defend myself? Do you imagine that without a sword I cannot end my life? Can not I destroy myself by holding my breath for some moments, or by striking my head against the wall?"

His son made no reply, but retired weeping, and the sword was at length sent into him by a slave.

"Now," said Cato, as he drew it, "I am my own master."

When he found himself alone he again took up his book, and when he had once more read the dialogue, he lay down and slept. Toward the dawn of day he took his sword and pressed the point into his body a little below the chest, inflicting an extensive, but, as it appeared, not fatal wound. As he fell he overturned a table, the noise of which gave the alarm. He was found insensible, weltering in his blood, with his bowels protruding from the wound.

While the surgeon was replacing the uncut bowels, Cato recovered his consciousness, thrust the surgeon from him, tore out his bowels with his hands, and immediately expired. Thus perished Cato, miscalled the Philosopher, in the forty-eighth year of his age.

* * *

SHODDY OSTENTATION.

If, on some magnificent afternoon, one stands, for an hour or so, on the Grand Terrace in Central Park, and watches the moving pageant on the drive, the twinkling of varnished wheels, the flash of vari-colored pannels is almost blinding. Within a brief period, scores of "first-class" equipages will roll by, most of them driven by coachmen in livery, and many of them decorated with coats of arms. There will be ladies in nearly all the carriages, and the hues of their apparel, as a general rule, will be so glowing that the spectacle could scarcely be more prismatic if one should view it through a triangular bar of glass. In spite of the change which the sudden acquisition of riches makes in the outward appearance of vain people, it will not be difficult to recognize in some of the splendidly-tailored gentleman who accompany the gorgeously-bedight ladies in the vehicular procession, individuals who, five years ago, plodded a-foot, in all weathers, and barely made both ends meet at the end of the twelvemonth. These are our shoddy patricians, gilded by the fortune of war. How much privation and suffering, how many casualties and failures, by sea and land, these gaudy trappings represent, it were idle to compute. Suffice it to say, that no honest spectator of the show, at all conversant with its basis, could feel much respect for a good many of the pretentious magnificos who figure in it. Here and there, in the ostentatious cavalcade, may be seen the plainer equipages of some of our prominent merchants and real "solid men," whose names are the synonyms of integrity and honor; but they are generally few and far between, and are entirely thrown into the shade by the "loud" splendor of our "fine new" aristocracy. All credit to those who acquire wealth by well-directed energy and enterprise. They are not proper subjects for satirical criticism: but plundermongers, who have blackmailed the government of their country, and now thrust into our very faces the evidences of their peculations, deserve the open scorn of all true men.

* * *

A GRAVE MISTAKE.

Some people think that a good deal of fun can be extracted from the tombstones in country grave yards. False rhyme or bad grammar in an epitaph is considered by such persons a capital joke. It strikes us, however, that turning the expression of honest grief—however rude that expression may be—into ridicule, is a heartless business. We saw the other day a thick book, filled with quaint and illiterate tributes to the memory of the dead, copied from slabs and monuments in American burial grounds. Each inscription was followed by a jest, intended to show the wit of the collector. The volume was handed round for inspection at a social gathering, and the company were expected to make merry over its contents. They did not amuse us in the slightest degree. We should as soon have thought of laughing at a collection of skeletons. A large proportion of the epitaphs were certainly but poor specimens of English composition. In many of them the orthography was wrong and the syntax unfortunate; but nine-tenths of them, no doubt, were the real, though uncouth outpourings of afflicted hearts, and as such should have been respected. The mirth they provoked was much more vulgar than anything which the grave-yard satirist had jotted down on his pages. The occupation of "Old Mortality," who reverently scraped the moss and mildew from "texts" that "teach the rustic moralist to die," was a much more creditable one than that of making a jest of death and sorrow. To right-minded people, there is something much more touching in such "rude memorials" than in "storied urn or animated bust."

* * *

BRIDES FOR THE FAR WEST.

Let the unwedded adventurers who have pitched their tents in Washington Territory rejoice. A thousand young ladies, "chiefly between the ages of 16 and 20," will be *en route* from New York to that comparatively ladyless land long before the *Ledger* of to-day has journeyed thither. A steamer is to bear the precious cargo to its destination by way of the Straits of Magellan and all along shore. Plenty of employment at remunerative wages is promised to the fair emigrants, and we earnestly hope that the rose-colored picture of their future drawn by the parties who have organized the scheme will be realized. That the enterprising voyagers will be able to dictate their own terms to the Washingtonians there can be little doubt. There are not women enough in the territory to keep the collars and wristbands of the forlorn male creatures in a buttonable condition. In all probability every young lady of the crowd will have half-a-dozen admirers at her feet. "Here's my heart and here's my hand," will be the cry of the wifeless pioneer, and it will be well if the competition does not lead to deadly feuds between enamored rivals.

Propitious gales to the Pacific-bound steamer! Good fortune to her pretty passengers! Should their expectations be realized, more shiploads will follow. The sex is not pitiless. The damsels of the "Atlantic slope" will not permit the western frontiersmen to degenerate into savages for lack of woman's refining, elevating and comforting ministrations.

* * *

MINOR MANIAS AND MANIACS.

We have each of us our pet insanity. There's your irrepressible angler, for example, who will sit all day in the blazing sun watching a bobbing cork, for no better reward than a few meagre fish that he himself would turn up his nose at if he saw them in Washington market. Is he rational? The collector of old pictures, who values a cracked, dirty, smoke-dried, unintelligible mass of faded pigments, which was good for little when new, and has become absolute rubbish by the action of time and the hard usage it has richly deserved,—is he *compos mentis?* The worshipper of old books, who values them for their dates, not their contents, what is he? The lexicon gives him his right title—a biblio-*maniac*. The healthy self-deceiver who insists on being a valetudinarian, tries every system of medical treatment in turn, and would inevitably poison himself but for the vigor which he swears he lacks—what shall we say of him? Verily, he is mad enough for a strait jacket. As mad as he, is the crotchetty politician who fancies that there is but one way to prevent the nation from going to destruction, and that he has the patent for it. Madder still is the social philosopher who proposes to knock into chaos the moral and religious systems under which the civilized world has prospered, and to reconstruct society after a new plan which, whenever it has been tried on a small scale, has failed utterly and scandalously.

Happy are they whose minor insanities are pleasant to themselves and harmless to their neighbors.

* * *

FLUNKEYISM IN PRINT.

The *personal* system of reporting balls and parties which was introduced into this country some thirty-five years ago, but which we hoped had died out in obedience to the edict of an improved public taste, has recently been revived in all its glory. Whole columns are devoted to the most fulsome puffs of ladies and gentlemen with skeletons of names filled in with dashes and stars. The ladies' dresses are particularized from waterfall to satin slipper with a freedom that deserves a horsewhip, and marriage engagements, real or fictitious, are blurted out in type with a boldness that seems as if it must be the result of *express permission* if not of *pecuniary persuasion*.

> "'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print:
> A name's a name although there's nothing in't,"

except the beginning and the end, with a few "* * * *" between. *Can* it be that our "fashionable people" like this sort of thing. Let us hope not; though certainly their acquiescence, if nothing more, is to be inferred.

The custom is so utterly snobbish and un-American that it ought to be lampooned out of existence. Among flying follies there is no fairer game. Reportorial flunkeys who make it their

> "duty
> To kiss the shadow of your shoe tie,"

should be ruled out of good society.

* * *

A MAN ATTACKING HIS OWN MOTHER.—Mr. Van Anden, publisher and proprietor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, in his abuse of sewing girls as a class, seems to forget the reflection that he makes upon his own mother. Because a man succeeds in making a little money, shall he disparage the mother who gave him birth and the numerous and respectable class to which she belonged?

OVER THE FERRY.

BY DR. CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

Over the ferry that spans the bay,
  Linking the shores with a wondrous link,
In the clear, fresh morn, and the twilight gray,
  Hither and thither I ride—and think.

Thousands on thousands, day by day,
  Are crossing the ferry, as well as I;
Wherefore? This in my soul I say,
  Scanning the scene with a curious eye.

Thousands on thousands hurrying past,
  Each pricked on by a strange, wild thirst
For a something unattained at last;
  Struggling, each, to be still the first.

Youth, with the peach-bloom on its cheek;
  Manhood's noon, and its sunset age;
Swart with the tan of toil, or sleek
  As a just-plumed bird in a dainty cage;

A medley strange as an artist's dream,
  Over the ferry they come and go,
Winter and summer alike, 'twould seem;
  But the faces change as the numbers flow!

Some fall out of the jostling tide,
  Straggle and drop, by field and town;
Some with a curse are flung aside,
  And some in the press are trodden down!

Some, but how few they are, alas!
  Struggle and strive to the furthest goal;
For what? There's a ferry still to pass,
  Where the fare is the price of a human soul!

WINNING HER WAY.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "BRITOMARTE, THE MAN-HATER," "SELF-MADE," "THE HIDDEN HAND," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXXV.

A SHOCK.

What is life? 'Tis like the ocean,
  In its placid hours of rest,—
Sleeping calmly, no emotion
  Rising on its tranquil breast.

But, too soon, the heavenly sky
  Is obscured by Nature's hand;
And the whirlwind, passing by,
  Leaves a wreck upon the strand.

ANONYMOUS.

"A black cloud, that! rising over yonder—we shall have dirty weather to-night," said the master of the "Flying Foam," coming to the side of Dick Hammond, as the latter stood leaning over the bulwarks of the yacht and looking out upon the receding town and shores of St. Aubin's.

Dick raised his eyes to a long black line just visible above the heights of Noirmont, and then said:

"Yes; I think it looks threatening; but the 'Flying Foam' is a sea-worthy little craft, I suppose?"

"Bless you, yes, sir! I've seen her ride safely over seas that would have swamped a ship of the line," answered the master, as he went forward to make ready for the expected "dirty weather."

And dirty weather it was, though not so "dirty" as to endanger the safety of the yacht.

The cloud arose, and spread, and covered the whole face of the heavens as with a black pall, in strange and terrible contrast to the surface of the sea, now lashed into a white foam. A driving storm of wind and rain came on.

Dick, who much preferred the comfortable to the sublime, left the deck and went below to smoke and read by the light of the cabin lamp. But, after one or two attempts, he found the reading process quite impracticable by the motion of the vessel, and so he gave it up.

After a while, he was joined by the master, who had left the deck in charge of his mate.

"It has turned into a settled rain that will last all night," said Captain Wallace, as he took the chair Dick pushed towards him; for Dick, as one of the parties hiring the yacht, was king of the cabin.

"Disagreeable, but not dangerous," was Dick's cool comment, as he pushed his case of cigars towards his guest.

"Thank you, sir; but, if you don't mind, I'll take my pipe," said Captain Wallace, who soon comprehended that he might take liberties with this good-humored young man who was but too ready to fraternize with the first companion fortune favored him with.

And there the two men sat and smoked through the first hours of the dismal night.

At midnight, they turned in.

Dick slept long and well. It was late in the morning when he awoke. Judging from his previous day's experience, he thought the yacht must be in port or near it. He dressed himself quickly, and went on deck. He found himself still at sea. A slow, steady rain was falling, and dark clouds closed in the horizon. The dismal night had been followed by a a dismal day; and the worst of it was, that he could not sleep through the day as he had slept through the night.

"Good morning to you, sir! a dark sky!" said the master, coming up to his side.

"Yes. Are we near port?"

"Within twenty miles."

"How fast are we going?"

"How slow, you mean? The wind is against us—we are not making more than four knots an hour."

"At that rate, we shall not make Southampton in less than five hours. Let me see," said Dick, consulting his watch,—"it is now ten o'clock. We shall not, at this rate, get in before three."

"No, sir; but you'll have some breakfast now?"

"Thanks, yes! it will help to pass the time at least."

The master beckoned a boy, and sent a message to the steward.

And, in half an hour afterward the appetizing breakfast of the yacht was served; and Dick did his usual justice to the meal.

Afterwards he killed the time as well as he could by reading a little, talking a little, and smoking a little.

Affairs also turned out rather better than he had expected. At noon the wind changed, the sky cleared, the sun shone out, and the "Flying Foam," with all her sails set, skimmed over the seas towards England at the rate of eleven knots an hour.

At one o'clock she dropped anchor at Southampton.

Dick settled his last scores with the master,—who was master afloat, and agent ashore,—and then he inquired:

"Do you know any thing about the up train, captain?"

"There is an express starts at a quarter before two, and there is not another train until five,' answered the master.

"I'll take that train," exclaimed Dick.

And he made all his own little preparations, and he hurried the men that were getting out the boat to take him ashore.

As soon as he stepped on shore, he ran and called a cab, jumped into it, and, having given his hasty order, was driven rapidly to the station. He was just in time to secure his ticket, spring into a half-empty carriage—and, not a moment to spare before the express started.

It was not until the train was in motion and his own hurry was over, that he recollected one or two things that might have been attended to had he chosen to wait a few minutes. First and nearest, he might have taken his change from the cabman, whose fare was half a crown, and to whom he had thrown half a sovereign.

But Dick did not the least regret that neglect.

And then he might have called at the International to see if any letters had been left for him. But neither, upon reflection, did Dick regret this neglect. He considered it was not probable any letters were awaiting there; or, if there were, that they should be of much importance; or, even if so, whether he were not doing the very thing that should be done under such supposatory circumstances, namely, hurrying back to London by the express train. So, upon the whole, Dick was glad he forgot to lose time and miss the express by calling at the International to inquire for letters.

The train flew on with its usual lightning rate of speed, and at five o'clock reached its station in London.

He got out upon the platform, carpet-bag in hand, and began to look for a cab, when he heard a little voice calling:

"Dit! Dit! oh, Dit! tome here. Dit!"

In great surprise he looked about him, confidently expecting to see little Lenny and Pina, and perhaps Anna and Drusilla, come to the station on the chance of meeting him.

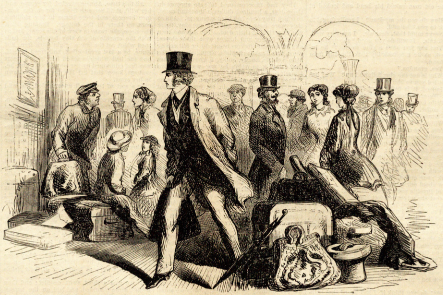
But he saw no one that he knew. And though he plunged into the crowd seeking the owner of the little voice in the direction from which he had heard it, he saw nothing of either little Lenny or his nurse.

At length, thinking that he had been mistaken, he gave up the quest, and took a cab for Trafalgar Square.

Afterwards he recollected, as a dream or a vision, the momentary flitting through the crowd of a ragged woman with a child in her arms.

But at the instant of seeing these, he had not dreamed of connecting them in any way with the voice he had heard. With something of that vague anxiety we all feel in returning home, even after a short absence, Richard Hammond hurried to Trafalgar Square.

As soon as he reached the Morley House, he sprang from the cab, tossed a crown piece to the cabman, and without waiting for the change, ran into the house and up to his apartments.



DICK HAMMOND'S RETURN.

He went straight to the drawing-room, where he found Anna sitting in the window seat.

She turned, and with an exclamation of pleasure started up to meet him.

"Oh, Dick, I am so glad you have come back! What news? How did it all end?" she breathlessly inquired as she threw herself into his arms.

"In two words—not fatally," he answered as he embraced her.

"Thank Heaven for that! You were in time, then?"

"No, not in time to prevent the meeting. It had taken place a few minutes before our arrival at St. Aubin's. By the way, it was not to Guernsey, but to Jersey, that the duellists went. We found out the mistake in the telegram as soon as we reached Southampton. We were fortunate in being able to hire a yacht and pursue them to St. Aubin's."

"But you did not reach there in time to prevent the duel?"

"No, it had already taken place, as I told you."

"But with what result—with what result? Oh, Dick, why can't you speak and tell me?"

"My dear, I did tell you,—with no fatal result."

"But with a serious one. Oh, Dick, what was it? Has poor Alick got himself into trouble by ——shooting that Austrian acrobat?"

"No, nonsense! Have more respect for a prince than to call him an acrobat, if he does jump about when he is angered. He was not hurt—he was not touched. Alick was too much excited to aim steadily, I suppose, so his ball went—Heaven knows where. But——"

"But Alick himself,—was he wounded?"

"Alick was wounded in the chest by a ball and in the back of the head by a sharp stone upon which his head struck in falling. Neither of the wounds is considered dangerous. I left him in good hands in the St. Aubin's Hotel."

"But my grandfather—where is he? Why doesn't he come up? Of course he returned with you?"

"No, he remained in St. Aubin's to look after Alick."

"Oh, Dick, he remained there! Then he never received our telegram!" said Anna, turning pale.

"Your telegram! No! What telegram? We received none. What has happened, Anna?" demanded Richard Hammond, becoming alarmed.

"Oh, Dick, I thought you knew," cried Anna, dropping into a chair and bursting into tears.

"In the name of Heaven what has happened? You are well. But where is Drusilla? Where is little Lenny? I don't see either of them!"

"Oh Dick! Dick! little Lenny is—LOST," replied Anna, uttering the last word with a gasp, and sobbing hysterically.

"Lost! Good Heaven, Anna, little Lenny lost?" repeated Dick, changing color.

"Yes, yes, yes! lost since day before yesterday afternoon—lost since the very day you left. We telegraphed to you the same day. We hoped you would receive the telegram immediately on your arrival at Southampton; and I who knew that you were going further, hoped that at least you would get it on your return. Oh, Dick!"

"Lost since the day before yesterday, and not found yet," repeated Richard Hammond, in amazement and sorrow.

"Oh yes, oh Dick. We have not seen him since—since *you* yourself saw him last. Oh, Dick, he never returned from that walk you and grandpa sent him to take, to get him and Pina out of the way, you know," sobbed Anna.

"It would kill my uncle!" exclaimed Richard. "It would kill him! But, good Heaven! how did it all happen? I don't understand it at all. I can hardly believe it yet. Compose yourself, Anna, if you can, and tell me all about it."

With many sobs Anna told the story of little Lenny's abduction, as far as it was known to herself, and also described the measures that had been taken for his recovery, but taken, so far, without effect.

"But his poor young mother,—how does she bear it? and where is she now?" inquired Dick.

"Oh, Dick, poor Drusilla! I do fear for her life, or her reason, in this horrible suspense, worse than death! Nothing but her unwavering faith in Providence has saved her from insanity or death," wept Anna.

"But where is she now?" repeated Dick. "Can I see her?"

"You can not see her until her return. She is out looking for her child. She is always out looking for him. She takes a cab at daylight in the morning, and drives out through the narrow streets and lanes of the city, keeping watch all the time from the cab windows, entering into all the houses she is permitted to visit, inquiring of the people about her lost child, offering them heavy rewards for his recovery, pointing them to the posters in which his person is described and the great reward offered, and setting as many people as she can at work to search for him. Twenty hours out of the twenty-four she spends in this way."

"But this will kill her."

"I think it will. She scarcely eats, drinks or sleeps. She does nothing but look for her child and weep and pray. When she has worn out a cab-horse, she comes back here to get a fresh one; and then I make her drink a little tea or coffee. At twelve or one o'clock in the night, when the houses are all shut up, she comes back here and throws herself down upon the bed to watch and pray, and perhaps to swoon into a sleep of prostration that lasts till morning. Then at four or five o'clock she is up and away upon the search."

"Poor child! poor child! such a life will certainly soon kill her."

"I sometimes think the sooner it does so the better for her. Her misery makes my heart bleed. I wonder how any woman can suffer the intense anguish of suspense she endures and live and keep her senses."

"Anna, why do you not accompany her when she goes out?" inquired Dick, with some surprise.

"Why don't you suppose that I do? What do you take me for, Dick? I have always gone with her until this last trip. When we returned home at four o'clock, to get a fresh horse, she took it into her poor head that you and uncle would certainly arrive by the five o'clock train from Southampton, and so she made me stay to receive you."

"And, you say, Anna, that Alick is suspected of being concerned in this abduction?"

"Yes, but I do not know that Drusilla suspects him very strongly now. Pina first suggested it, and we seized on the idea with eagerness. It was so much more comforting to think that he was safe with his father than in danger any where else."

"But, you see, that is impossible. His father is lying seriously wounded, several hundred miles away."

"Yes, that is the worst of it; for, if Alick should have employed these men to steal the Lenny from his mother, it is almost fatal to the child's safety that the father should not have been here to have received him from his abductors."

"And yet that may be the very case! Alick, in his madness, since he was mad enough for anything, may have engaged these men to abduct the boy for him. If so, he must have forgotten the danger to which the child would be exposed in the event of this abduction being completed during his own absence or after his death. And so he must have gone down to Jersey to fight his duel, leaving little Lenny exposed to ali the dangers he had invoked around him. It is dreadful to think of! If Alexander Lyon were not morally insane, he would be a demon!"

"To do such a thing as this? But we are not by any means sure he *did* do it, Dick!"

"No, there is 'a reasonable doubt,' as the lawyers have it."

"And Alick should be communicated with immediately, so as to be posted in regard to his son's danger, whether he has had any hand in it or not. If he *has* had any thing to do with it, he will certainly, under the circumstances, give us the clue to recover him, for he cannot wish the boy to remain in the hands of such people. If he knows nothing about the abduction, and learns it first from us, still he will render what aid he can in recovering the boy. We *did* telegraph him to this effect at Southampton, but of course he missed *his* telegram as you did yours. But now he must be consulted by letter immediately—write at once, Dick, so as to save this mail," said Anna, breathlessly.

"My darling, you talk so fast I can't keep pace with you, or even get in a word edgeways,—Alick is not in a condition to receive or understand any sort of communication, and will not probably be so for some days to come. I left him in a state of complete insensibility, resulting from the wound in the back of his head."

"Good gracious, Dick! and you said he was not fatally, or even dangerously wounded!" cried Anna, aghast.

"And I gave the opinion of the eminent surgeon who is in attendance upon him. A man may be so ill as to be incapable of attending to any thing, and yet may not be in any danger at all. But tell me, Anna, have you taken the detectives into your confidence entirely upon this subject, and put them into possession of all the facts of the case and all your suspicions as well? You know you ought to have done it."

"And we *have* done it! For a short time, Drusilla shrank terribly from breathing a suspicion that her husband was probably concerned in the taking off of her child; but, when it became evident that little Lenny's recovery depended upon the detective's having a full knowledge of all the circumstances attending it, she commissioned me to tell them as much as was really necessary, but entreated me to spare Alick even if I did it at her expense. So I told the detectives every thing—every thing! They know as much about it as you do; for, in Drusilla's and little Lenny's cause, I would not have spared Alick, to have saved his soul much less his character."

"And did these skillful and experienced officers share in your suspicions of the father's complicity in the abduction?"

"No, strangely enough, they did not. These people have a noble respect for a lord—Heaven save the mark! They think Lord Killcrichtoun would never have stooped to such an underhanded act, when he might have taken the boy with the high hand of the law."

"Humph! Did they suggest any thing themselves? Having told you what *didn't* become of the boy, did they suggest what *did*?"

"Yes, they really did! they suspected—just imagine it!—that the child had been stolen for the sake of his clothes, just as a dog is sometimes stolen for the sake of his collar!"

"Ah, Anna, I pin my faith on the experienced officers. I am inclined now fully to exonerate Alick and be guided by the detectives. Now I begin to see light—now I understand what occurred to me at the railway station!" said Dick, significantly.

"'What occurred to you at the railroad station,' Dick? Oh, Dick! what was that? Any-thing that concerned little Lenny?" eagerly inquired Anna.

"I should think it did concern little Lenny. As truly as I live, Anna, when I reached town this afternoon and stepped out upon the platform, and while I was looking around for a cab, I heard little Lenny's voice calling me!"

"Oh, Dick! You didn't!"

"As I live I did! He called me as he was accustomed to call me—'Dit! Dit! Oh, Dit, tome here!'"

"Oh! why *didn't* you answer him? Why *didn't* you go after him and rescue him and bring him home?—Perhaps you did! Perhaps you have only been playing ignorance to tease me! Oh, Dick, don't do it! If you have got little Lenny, tell me so!" said Anna, earnestly, clasping her hands.

"My poor wife, I wish for your sake and his unhappy mother's, that I had the boy here; but I have not. Listen to me——"

"But *why* haven't you got him here! If you heard his dear little tongue calling you, Dick, why in the world didn't you fly to him and seize him and bring him home to his almost distracted mother! *Why didn't* you, Dick?" demanded Anna, ready to cry with an accession of vexation.

"My darling Anna, listen to me, will you? In the first place, not having received your telegram, I had no suspicion whatever that Lenny was lost, else of course I should have been on the *qui vive* to find him, and should have followed the voice until I should have got possession of him. But when I first heard him calling me in his strong, cheerful, peremptory little tones, I looked around, fully expecting to see you, Drusilla, the boy and his nurse all come out in force to meet me at the station. But when I failed to see little Lenny or any of you, I considered myself the victim of an auricular illusion."

"But you do not now?"

"No indeed. I feel sure it was Lenny whom I heard calling me. And since you have told me of the abduction and of the detective policeman's theory of it, I recall to mind the figure of a disreputable looking woman with a child in her arms hurrying out of sight in among the crowd. I remember that the woman's back was towards me and that a shawl was thrown over the child's head. I had but a glimpse of them as they slipped into the crowd."

"Oh, Dick! Dick! if you had but known! What a fatality!"

"It was indeed. But now I must go and give this information into Scotland Yard, that the detectives may institute a thorough search in the neighborhood of the railway station where I saw him."

"Shall I tell Drusilla?"

"Well, let me see:—No, not just yet. I must think about it first. It might increase her anxiety."

"But it would assure her that her child is alive and well and in the city."

"Yes; that is true. Yet you better not tell her until my return. She would be consumed with anxiety to see the one who had really seen and heard Lenny and to hear from him all about it. Don't you understand?"

"Of course; but don't be gone long, Dick. Hurry back as fast as you can, and perhaps you may get here as soon as she does."

"I will lose no time."

"But you are just off a journey. Won't you take something before you go?"

"No, Anna; I will wait until I get back," answered Richard Hammond, as he arose and left the room.

Leaving Anna pacing the floor in great excitement and impatience, he went down to the street, threw himself into a hansom and drove immediately to Scotland Yard.

There he made his report and offered from his own means an additional reward to accelerate the motions of the officers.

He hurried back to the Morley House and up to the drawing-room, where he found Anna still alone and still pacing the floor.

She turned suddenly around to meet him.

"I have started them on the new scent, dear," he said, throwing himself wearily into a chair.

"And you are here, as I hoped, before Drusilla has returned; so she will not have to wait for her news."

As Anna spoke there was the sound of a cab drawing up before the house. A few minutes after Drusilla entered the room. Her face was deadly white and her eyes had that wild, wide open, sleepless look seldom seen except in the insane. And yet Drusilla, in all her agony of mind, was far as possible from insanity. All her actions were marked by forecast, reason, judgment.

Dick arose, and his countenance and gestures were full of sympathy as he held out his hands and went to meet her.

"Oh, Dick! Dick! you have heard of my great loss," she said, putting her hands in his.

"Yes, my dear Drusilla," he answered, in a voice, shaking with the pity that nearly broke his heart, as he looked upon her great misery.

"Oh, my Lenny! my Lenny! Oh, my poor little two-year old baby!" she cried, breaking into sobs and tottering on her feet.

Dick caught her and tenderly placed her in a chair and stooped before her and took her hands again, saying:

"Dear Drusa, your little Lenny will be found, he will indeed, my dear."

"Oh, I hope so! I believe so!—but this suspense is the most awful anguish in life! Oh, where is *now*? *Now* at this moment, where is my poor little helpless babe? In whose hands? Suffering what?"

Her look as she said this was so full of unutterable sorrow that Dick could restrain himself no longer.

"Dear Drusa, dear Drusa," he said, holding her hands, "your child, wherever he is, is not suffering; he is well and cheerful. I know it."

She looked up suddenly as a wild joy flashed over her face, for she had sprung to a too natural conclusion.

"Oh, Dick, you have found him! You have found my boy! Oh, tell me so at once! Oh, don't try to *break* such news to me as that is! Joyful news may be told at once! it never kills! And now you see I know you have found my baby! Oh, bring him to me at once! Where is he? In my room?"

She had spoken rapidly and breathlessly, and now she started up to hurry to her chamber, expecting to find her child there.

Dick gently stopped her.

"Dear Drusilla, I have not got your child. I wish I had," he began, with his hand on her arm.

The look of joy vanished from her face. It had been but a lightning flash across the night of her sorrow, and now it had passed and left the darkness still there.

"*Oh, Dick!*" she groaned, covering her face with her hands and sinking again into her seat.

"But, Drusilla, dear, I have a *clue* to him! I have indeed! And I know that he is alive and well and cheerful."

"Oh, Dick, is this so? Oh, Dick, I know you wouldn't deceive me, even for my own comfort, would you now, Dick?" she pleaded.

"Heaven knows I would not, Drusilla. Your child was alive and well at five o'clock this afternoon—only two hours ago, for it is now only seven. And though you can not now find him in your chamber, you need not be surprised at any future hour to find there."

"Alive and well two hours ago! You are sure, Dick?"

"Sure as I am of my own life."

"*Where* was he, then? *Who* saw him? Who told you?"

"He was at the railway station in the arms of a poor woman. *I* saw him, and *I* heard him."

"Oh, Dick, why did you not bring him to me at once?"

"Dear Drusilla, I did not then know that he was lost. I had just stepped from the carriage to the platform, when I heard little Lenny's voice calling me in a strong, chirping, authoritative little tone, 'Dit! Dit! tome here!' And I looked around, expecting to see him and all of you come to meet me. But I saw nothing of any of you. I only saw a poor woman with a child about Lenny's age and size covered with a shawl and in her arms. Her back was towards me, and she was hurrying away through the crowd. That child was little Lenny, though I did not know it or even suspect it at the time; for I only glanced at him and turned to look for little Lenny elsewhere, expecting to find him with his nurse. When I failed to do so, I thought I had been the subject of an ocular illusion. But when I came home here, and learned that little Lenny was lost, I understood the whole thing. And I went immediately to Scotland Yard and gave the information and set the detectives on the fresh scent. They are as keen as bloodhounds, you know, and they will be sure to find your child. So you need not be surprised to see him brought in and laid upon your lap at any moment."

Another lightning flash of joy passed over her face at this announcement.

"Oh, Dick! Dick! you give me new life! You saw my child two hours ago! Did you see his face?" she eagerly inquired.

"Of course not, else I should have claimed him and brought him home. He was covered with a shawl, I tell you, and hurried through the crowd. I did not know he was Lenny till afterwards."

"But you heard his voice, and you knew that!"

"Oh, yes, I knew his voice; but I did not at the moment know where the voice came from."

"Oh, Dick, what was it he said? dear little Lenny! tell me again."

Dick repeated the words.

"And oh, Dick, did he speak sadly, piteously, imploringly, as if he was suffering and wanting you to relieve him?"

"No, indeed! quite the contrary! he hailed me in his usual hearty manner; and commanded me to come to him, just as he is accustomed to speak to all of us, his slaves, when he is lording it over us and ordering us around," said Dick, so cheerfully that he called up a wan smile upon the poor young mother's face.

"Now, I'll tell you all about it, Drusilla," pursued Dick, confidently. "The fact is, the child must have been stolen first, for the sake of the fine lace and gold and coral on his dress; and now he is kept for his beauty to beg with. No doubt, now that the clue is found, he will be recovered in a few hours. And I want you to bear this fact in mind—that you need not be surprised at any moment to see your child brought in and laid upon your lap. Keep that hope before you, and let it support your soul through this suspense, and let it prepare you for the event, so that you may not die of joy when it comes," said Richard Hammond.

And certainly he believed himself justified in giving this advice.

"Dick! dear Dick! you have brought the first crumb of earthly comfort that has come to me since I lost my little Lenny," said Drusilla, gratefully. "But where is uncle?" she asked, suddenly recollecting the general.

"He is detained, by some business."

"He is quite well?"

"Very well," answered Dick, cheerfully.

"And now I hope you will be willing to stay at home and rest just one evening, dear Drusilla," added Anna.

"Oh, don't ask me to do that, dear Anna! How could I stay home in inactivity, especially now that I know where to look for him? No, I will drive down to that neighborhood in which he was seen, and I will search for him there," answered Drusilla, firmly and very cheerfully, for hope had come into her heart again.

"And Anna and myself will go with you, my dear Drusa, for we have nothing to do but to devote ourselves to your service until your child shall be found," said Dick, affectionately.

"Then I will order tea at once, and something substantial along with it," said Anna, rising.

Inspired by the new hope brought to her by Dick, Drusilla's spirits rose.

When tea was placed upon the table, with the "something substantial" promised by Anna, Drusilla was able to join the party and even to partake of the refreshment.

Afterwards, accompanied by her two friends, she got into a cab and drove to the railway station where Dick had seen little Lenny in the arms of the strange woman.

There they drove up and down the streets and roads and in and out among the lanes and alleys, and inquired at many shops and houses for such a woman and child, but they neither found nor heard of one or the other.

To be sure, there were many poor beggar women, and many little two-year old children; but they did not answer to the description of little Lenny and his strange bearer.

They also found their coadjutors, the detective policemen, in the same neighborhood, upon the same search. The detectives had had as yet no better success than their employers; but their hopes were high and their words encouraging.

They had great sympathy for the bereaved and anxious young mother, and they came to her carriage door with expressions full of confidence.

"We shall be sure to find the little gentleman now, my lady. Now when we know where to look for him. It is a downright certainty, you know. Why, lord love you, sir, there aint a woman in this neighborhood as has heard about the child that aint as interested in the search as we are, and that out of downright human motherly feeling too, to say nothing of the hope of getting the reward. Bless you, my lady, take heart, and don't you be taken by surprise any time to see me walk in and put your little boy in your arms. And if I might be so bold, ma'am, I would recommend you to persuade her to go home and go to her rest and leave us to follow up the clue, and just have faith till I bring the young gentleman home," said the detective, with his head in the door, and addressing in turn the three occupants of the carriage.

"That is what I am telling her," said Dick, "to wait patiently; or, if she can't do that, to wait hopefully until her child is brought home and laid on her lap."

"And now, it is so late, and you have lost so much rest, Drusilla, dear, that I really think you had better go back, and lie down even if you cannot sleep," said Anna, earnestly.

"Friends, you are so kind to me and so interested in my child's recovery, that I owe it to you to follow your advice. So I will put myself in your hands at least for this evening," answered Drusilla.

"That is right, that is right, my dear," said Dick.

"And, my lady, take this truth with you to comfort you—that we will never give up the search until we find the child. We will never give it up by night or by day till we find him. While some of us gets our needful bit of food or nap of sleep, the others will be pursuing of the search till we find him. And when we do find him, my lady, be it midnight, or noonday, or any other hour of the twenty-four, I will bring him to you," said the officer, earnestly.

"Oh, do, do, do! and you shall have half my fortune for your pains—the whole of it, if you will, and my eternal gratitude besides!" exclaimed Drusilla, fervently clasping her hands.

"My lady, the reward offered in the handbills would set me up for life; and, though that is a great object, and was my only object at first, it is not now—it is not indeed! I am most anxious to find the young gentleman, to give you peace—I am indeed."

"I believe you, and I thank and bless you," said Drusilla.

And then the policeman touched his hat, and closed the door, and transmitted Mr. Hammond's order to the cabman.

"Home."

They drove back to the Morley House.

And there Dick and Anna made Drusilla take a glass of port wine and a biscuit, and go to bed.

All arose very early the next morning. Anna ordered the breakfast, that it might be ready when Drusilla should come down.

Dick soon joined her.

"You will write to grandpa, to-day?" inquired Anna.

"Not unless little Lenny is found. I dread the effect the news of the child's loss would have upon him at his age, and I wish to spare him if possible," answered Dick.

"But if Lenny is not found to-day, and grandpa gets no letter to-morrow, he will feel very anxious at not hearing from us."

"I know it. I must think of some plan by which I can write to him without alarming him, and bring him home here, before telling him of our loss. Here we might break the news to him gently; and, if it should overcome him, here we can look after him. I will think of some such plan and act upon it, to-day," said Dick, anxiously and reflectively.

While the husband and wife took counsel together, the door opened, and Drusilla, dressed as for a drive, came in.

"Good morning, my dear! Did you sleep last night?" anxiously inquired Anna.

"A little."

"But you are not going out until you have breakfasted, my dear Drusilla?" said Dick.

"I have been out for the last three hours and have just returned," she answered.

"Good Heaven, Drusilla, you will destroy your life, and all to no purpose! The detectives are all sufficient for this business. You can not help them," urged Anna.

"I know it; but I can not rest," replied Drusilla.

"You have been to the same neighborhood? You have seen the officers this morning?" inquired Dick.

"Yes."

"Any news?"

"None; but the men give me great hopes, and I must trust in God."

"Now, Drusilla, don't go up stairs," said Anna. "Take off your bonnet and shawl here, for here is the waiter with our breakfast."

Drusilla complied with this advice. And they were about to sit down to the table, when there was heard a hurried step upon the stairs, and the door was thrown open, and old General Lyon, dusty, travel-stained, pale and excited, burst into the room.

"IS THE CHILD FOUND?" he cried to the astonished circle.

"No; but we have a clue to him," answered Dick, as soon as he could recover his self-possession and his breath.

The old man sank into a chair, covered his face with his hands, and shook as with an ague fit.

Anna hastily poured out a cup of coffee and brought it to him.

"Drink this, dear grandpa, and you will feel better," she said.

The old man raised his head and looked at her.

"How do you do, my dear? I really forgot to speak to you," he said.

"Never mind that, dear sir. I am very well. Drink this. It will do you good," she urged.

"You say you have a clue to him?" he inquired, as he mechanically took the cup from her hand.

"Yes, grandpa."

"Why is not the clue followed up? Why has it not led you to him?"

"Indeed, it is being very diligently followed up. We are in hourly expectation of recovering our little Lenny. But, dear sir, please to drink your coffee. You are very faint, and need it very much."

"Where is the poor young mother? Where is Drusa?" he continued.

Drusilla came and knelt down by his side, and took his disengaged hand, and looked up in his troubled face and said:

"She is here, dear uncle; and she trusts in the Lord to restore her child. But you are sinking with fatigue, and with fasting too, I fear. Drink your coffee, and we will tell you all we know about our missing boy."

And Drusilla put a great constraint upon herself that she might comfort him.

At her request he took the refreshment offered to him, and was certainly benefitted by it.

And they told him all the particulars of little Lenny's abduction, and of the measures that had been taken for his recovery.

But when he heard of Dick's adventure at the railway station, he came down most unmercifully on that "unlucky dog."

"You heard his voice calling you and didn't go after him!" he indignantly exclaimed.

It was in vain that poor Dick explained and expounded; the old man would hear of no excuses.

"Sir! do you think if *I* had heard that helpless infant's voice calling *me*, I would not have obeyed it with more promptitude than I ever obeyed the commands of my superior officer when I was in the army? What *can* you say for yourself?"

Dick had no word to say why sentence of death should not be immediately pronounced upon him.

But Drusilla came to his relief by turning the conversation and inquiring:

"Dear uncle, how was it that you heard of little Lenny's being lost?"

"By the newspapers, of course. I was sitting by the bedside of——"

Here Dick trod slyly upon his uncle's toe.

The general stopped short.

Drusilla perceived that there was a secret between them that must be kept; so, without suspecting that it concerned herself or her Alick, she respected it, and turned away her head until the general recovered himself sufficiently to pursue the subject in another manner.

"You asked me how I learned little Lenny's loss, my dear. Well, yesterday morning I was sitting by the bedside of a friend whom I had undertaken to look after, when the morning papers were brought to me, and I saw the advertisement. That was at nine o'clock. There was a boat left at ten for Southampton, and I took it and reached port at midnight. I took the first train for London and got here this morning."

Such was the general's explanation, given in the presence of Drusilla.

It was not until after they had all breakfasted, and he found himself in his own bedroom alone with Dick, that he was able to make a report upon Alick's condition—a report that Dick subsequently transmitted to Anna.

"Well, his condition is even more precarious than when you left him; irritative fever has set in, and he is delirious—or was so when I left. He had not once recognized me. I know the surgeon thinks him in a very dangerous condition; although, of course, he will not admit so much to me. But oh, Dick! the child! the child!"

"Be comforted, sir. The child was safe and well in this city yesterday. We have the most skillful and experienced detectives in the world searching for him, and they will be sure to succeed."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE CHAPLAIN'S FATE.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

It was a lovely pastoral scene that rolled out a map of green and many glowing colors before the door of the cottage. A wide-spread view it was, for the cottage stood high among the rolling uplands that overlooked river and valley. There was rather a grand, deserted beauty in it, that had once been a tender pastoral loveliness. But that was before the war.

Then peace lent its adjuncts to the scene; the flower of the youth of the valley, young men and maidens, rode gaily about on their blooded steeds, leaping fences and rivulets. They had a gallant, care-free air. They were ornaments of the scene in their rustic beauty and the bravery of their dress and air.

But now the war had been desolating the land for more than two years. There were ruined homesteads in sight—piles of stone and charred timbers, and along the low hill-sides, and in the borders of the scattered wood-growth, there were traces of many a deadly struggle. Guerrillas hid in the fastnesses of the hills, and swooped down on small bodies of troops and undefended travellers. The mad shouts of combatants, the crackle of pistol shot, and the booming volleys of the larger arms were now familiar sounds in these once peaceful scenes.

Only this morning a long army train, "horse, foot, and dragoons," tents, baggage and equipage, caissons and artillery, stores and impedimenta of every kind, crept slowly through the valley, along the wood at the foot of the slope which the cottage fronted. There had been a great battle above, three days ago.

The "Yanks" had triumphed. These were days of victory for them. So, shudderingly, felt the inmates of the cottage. So swore the four or five fierce, fully armed, and stalwart young men who were closely hidden beneath its roof. They would not have been there had not the train in unusual silence wound round the shoulder of yonder near hill, and cut off the possibility of retreat.

They trembled in their panoply of steel, though each carried more than half a score of lives in the small, shining tubes, in the sharp, keen blades of the lurking bowie knives, and the trenchant sword curve.

Their horses, champing their forage in the cellar of the barn, uttered no neigh, scorning to hold converse with the Yankee steeds, and so they escaped notice.

But now the army had wound on its slow way amidst the hills. The "boys" had ventured from their hiding place, eaten their hasty breakfast, led forth the steeds hastily groomed by the ancient negro who alone had remained when the black, frightened flock followed off in the train of raiding Union troops months ago, and mounting, had scoured their way adown the valley toward a guerrilla bivouac.

An hour later all signs of their presence had vanished. The tears of the parting scene had been dried. Faces there were anxious, but not grief-stricken; for even with the tidings of defeat ringing in their ears, these women could almost smile that at least "their own" had not been, were not in the fight.

They had unaccustomed toils to support in those days, a hundred duties, a thousand cares, to which they once had been strangers. And so they were busy until, later in the day, there was an arrival at their door. The sun had been climbing higher and higher over those slopes, and its noonday fervors began to be felt ere he came, this Yankee chaplain, sitting alone in the little vehicle, buggy, sulky, I know not what they called it, in which he was wont to drive himself in the rear of the advancing army.

They knew him at the cottage. He was no stranger to them since, in his youth, a bright Northern lad, he had sojourned a while in one of the near homesteads, the home of some of his Virginia step-mother's kindred. Then, as a boy, he had played with some of those stalwart youths who had just rode away, and had been the champion and friend of little Anne, who now blushed so hotly at sight of his approach.

The homestead now lay a blackened ruin on yonder hillside, beyond the dip of the land into the tiny valley of the singing brook which traversed its way in music.

But not greater ruin had ravaged the homestead than that which had fallen upon the ancient friendship. The cottage door had been rudely closed in Harvey Gray's face when he came, in his neat uniform, to renew it. He was no longer the playmate of eld, pretty Anne's little lover, but one of the hated Yanks—a sanctimonious praying parson coming in with the army of invaders to ravage and destroy in the name of the Lord.

Still there was a little reverence for his office, much for the needs and sanctities of hospitality, always held so sacred beneath that roof. Many tender memories of the gentle widow who had sojourned within the ruined homestead walls. Fierce partisan hate built a wall of adamant between him and the male part of the family, but the females, for the sake of their dead friend, for the memory of the merry, winsome youth they had known, in the mixture of many waving feelings, gradually learned to welcome him back, to bestow upon him kindly hand-shakings, many a good meal, pleasant talk that ignored the war and strife of partisans, and almost, at times, bore them all back to the distant but unforgotten peaceful years.

And what shall we say of pretty Anne, blushing and paling now between delight and sorrow. The merry glance of the deep blue eye, the touch of the warm eager hand, that told her so much, were to her very dear. And yet they were not all delightful, for a pang of vague but dire foreboding filled her heart as she saw and listened.

The chaplain came in, as he did always, bright and merry. He had an inward abiding faith, as joyous, sincere, noble, as his outward life. His religion was not an attribute merely—it was a part of himself, and bore the stamp of his broad kindly nature. His friendship and his love had the same texture. His life had its serious, devout, solemn side, but he did not feel himself bound to wear a sanctimonious exterior merely because he was a preacher of the gospel, at all times and in the presence of the bright joyousness of nature, the scenes of his youth, the friends he loved, the girl who was nearer to his heart than any other of God's creatures. He came in carrying with him the breath and incense of this bright, beautiful morning. It was a quiet peaceful scene on which he entered. He saw traces of tears, lines of care, but he felt that he need not deepen them, that the rather he would be joyous and free, adding nothing to another's care.

The whole valley was seamed with the scars of warfare. In this peaceful corner he desired to make these loathly marks forgotten; and so for this reason, and from out the interior brightness of his soul, he presented himself to his friends, smiling and full of merry questions.

There was a restraint, however, which even he could not overcome. He did not know it; but they trembled for him lest he should encounter the fierce men who had so lately left the house. He was their enemy in spirit, if not in arms. With most of them his sacred office would avail nothing. It might even be possible that they would feel a fierce enjoyment in dealing out to him the doom that would surely fall upon themselves should they come within the power of the army of which he was a member.

And strange mixture of interests and fears in this war of brethren! They, too, these children and friends,—brother was arrayed against brother. Other portions of the Federal army might be near. They were enemies of these lawless men, and short shrift would be given them should they fall into their hands. So mingled feelings produced restraint. The chaplain felt it. Like most quick, ardent and generous natures, he was sensitive. He had a large charity for these people, among whom his youth had been spent. He understood their feelings and their views. Ardent for the Union, he well knew how blinded were they in the wrong.

But he could not pass the place that had once been like a home coldly by. And there was an attraction no words could measure, had measured. He thirsted for a sight of, for speech with the gentle Anne—too gentle to hate even her enemies, and thus literally, but unconsciously, fulfilling the injunction of Scripture.

Few words were spoken as he sat at the meal with which they had provided him. The feeling that he was not welcome increased. Even his light, merry spirit was unable to triumph over it. Speech dwindled to scattered monosyllables. Finally he rose up, gathered together the few articles and weapons he had brought with him, and prepared for his departure. A look and slight signal informed Anne that he wished to speak with her. No words were spoken but the good-byes, and he set out upon his way. At the foot of the slope Anne met him. He got down from his buggy, and thrusting his hand through the bridle of his horse, walked by the side of his love.

The warning uttered by the mother as he started lay heavy on both their hearts. He was feeling that this stolen meeting, with all its restraints, hardly compensated for the peril in which he had placed himself. Anne knew her brothers and the band were near, and the main body of guerrillas probably not far off. She was too impatient for many words, and was urging him to fly. He snatched a hasty kiss from her paling lips, and was springing to his seat, when the rocks and gorse seemed to burst into life, and they found themselves surrounded by the, to Anne at least, well-known band.

They came on with oaths, and threats, and fierce words. In a moment the chaplain found the bridle of his horse torn from his grasp and his hands bound. As for Anne, they only overwhelmed her with sneers and hard words, but jealously prevented her from returning to her home. Every one of these wild, fierce men was well known to her. Among them were her own two brothers. They would not harm her personally, but the life they threatened was dearer than her own, and she could not escape either the sight or sound of their brutality.

Then ensued one of those terrible, fierce, cruel scenes that characterized this warfare between brothers. He had joined in a thousand innocent sports with all these youths, had known and loved them nearly all. But this thought woke no compassion in their hearts. He read his fate in the cruel faces, and prepared to meet it. Kneeling there upon the greensward, in the soft, warm air, he uttered his last simple prayer; and even these imbruted men, revelling in their savage warfare, paused for him to finish.

All this time, Anne struggled for escape, and her wild, shrill screams floated far on the summer breezes, and were borne to her mother's ears, up there in the cottage. Rushing down the slope, she came in view of the scene, just as with the crackle of the tiny barrels, the balls sped which set the brave, bright spirit free. But Anne, by a last great effort, had freed herself, and the ball which reached her lover's heart was first crimsoned by her own blood; and he, perhaps, knew that his last breath was drawn in her arms.

In a sort of terror all unexampled, the wild band gazed upon their work. By this, the mother had reached the scene. With her help, they loosed the clinging arms from the dead chaplain's breast, and, all unconscious, raised and bore her toward her home. The madness of rage was passed. Already the sadness of repentance stole over them. Solemnly they bore her homeward, and consigned her to her mother's care.

And then—not always is vengeance so swift—these men thought themselves secure, and lounged lazily about the grounds, or crouched in groups discussing the mournful event, while they waited for tidings of Anne. And they heard at last that it was but a flesh-wound—that no serious deadly ill had occurred to the girl; and, in their forgetfulness of danger, broke into a shrill cheer.

Strange voices echoed it, and there rolled up a great column of sound, all unexpected, as a score or two of Federal troopers wheeled into the yard. Already the dead chaplain, and the girl who would have died for him, were avenged.

In their panic, not one escaped. They were completely taken by surprise, and not one of their horses were at hand, few of their pistols loaded.

There was a short, swift conflict; and then bound, some wounded, and laid on the horses' backs, the prisoners and their captors filed out of the yard and took their way toward the nearest Yankee prison.

Poor mother! her forebodings had been more than realized! A son was dead, another went on his weary way into captivity, and the sweet daughter lay yet in blessed unconsciousness while a hasty grave, at the foot of the slope, covered the stilled heart of the chaplain.

Many similar scenes wove their tragic sorrows amid the drama of Southern life during the long days of the war. Mothers wept, and daughters were left to a life of mourning. "Women must weep, women must work," the poet has told us; and Time, the consoler, has not yet dried the tears upon the tender cheek of many a sorrowing mourner all over the land.

The weary burden of Anne's life is upon her. It may be that many a year will pass ere her release shall come. Let us pity and pray for all such stricken and sorrowing souls!

THE EVIL GENIUS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE TERROR," "WARNING VOICE," "THE FATAL ERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

At this crisis Nina Gordon arrived in Natchez, and went with Mr. Matson to his charming house in the vicinity of the town. She was there presented to his family, and won from them golden opinions by her beauty and brightness. She made every effort to please, and Mrs. Matson, a cheerful, motherly woman, declared her to be one of the most charming young girls she had ever met.

Nina was soon on the best terms with the young people in the house, and no one who had seen her there at the close of the first day would have imagined that she was but a waif recently cast among them.

A messenger was despatched to Silvermere announcing her arrival, and on the next morning Mr. Matson informed her that Mr. Hastings would come in himself to conduct her to his house.

In the evening some guests came in, and after discussing other topics one of the ladies asked:

"Have you heard of the grand wedding that is about to come off, Mrs. Matson? The greatest heiress in the State is to be married, and I am told that a trousseau fit for a princess has been ordered for her."

Mr. Matson good-humoredly said:

"There must be a mistake in one respect, Mrs. Glenn, for Mr. Hastings's daughter is supposed to be the richest girl in Mississippi, and I am sure she is not the bride elect."

"What makes you so sure, pray? Opal Hastings is the very person I am speaking of; she is to be married to young Fenton in a few weeks."

He uttered an exclamation of surprise, and turning toward Nina, asked:

"Do you hear that, Miss Gordon? 'Othello's occupation's gone,' so far as your intended pupil is concerned, for she is on the eve of marriage. Shabby treatment it is to you, I must say; but I suppose so liberal a man as Hastings will make it all right in some way."

Nina *had* heard every word spoken by Mrs. Glenn, though she was apparently attending to what young Matson was saying to her, and the spasm of rage and surprise that convulsed her heart almost overcame her self-control. But by the time her host addressed her she had gained the command of her emotions, and she turned her face toward him with an inquiring look and asked:

"What is that about Othello's occupation, sir? I was listening to your son, and missed what was said."

"I told you a bad piece of news, Miss Nina. Your intended pupil has abjured the restraints of the school-room to put on the heavier yoke of matrimony. She is about to be marrivd."

"Married! Miss Hastings married! I thought she was little more than a child."

"A very well-grown child she is then," said Mrs. Glenn, "and I know she was sixteen her last birthday. Southern girls often marry younger than that."

"So much the worse for them," said Mrs. Matson. "I thought her father had more judgment than to allow his beautiful daughter to marry at so early an age. Opal has seen nothing of society; she has enjoyed few of the pleasures of girlhood, and here they are settling her in life. With her fortune, she should have been allowed a few years of freedom at least."

"She would never have been a belle, Mrs. Matson, if that is what you mean by the pleasures of youth; for it has been understood from her child that she was to marry Godfrey Fenton. I met him on the street yesterday, and I must say that he is the most elegant and distinguished looking young man that I have ever seen. Of course Opal is over head and ears in love with him, for such a suitor must be irresistible to so young a girl."

"Do you really think so, Mrs. Glenn?" asked Nina, with a curl of her ruby lip. "*I* knew Mr. Fenton when I was but little older than Miss Hastings, and I did not find him so irresistible, though he flattered me by such devotion as he is in the habit of offering to every attractive girl he meets."

Mrs. Glenn looked at her in great surprise, and blurted out:

"I heard that he was a great flirt; that there was some sort of entanglement at the North that caused his mother to hurry on the match; but pray excuse me, Miss Gordon, I may be touching on dangerous ground."

Nina laughed with silvery sweetness:

"Not at all, Mrs. Glenn. Do not fancy that *I* was the heroine of that romance. I know the young lady you refer to, and her beauty was of that oriental type which men of Mr. Fenton's temperament prefer. He was desperately enamored of her, and I own that I am surprised at the precipitation with which his marriage has been hurried on. But as Miss Lopez lost her fortune, I suppose he thought it best to return to the old love."

Mrs. Glenn was a gossip, and loved news dearly, so she made an effort to draw from Nina all the details of Fenton's inconstancy, but she would tell nothing more.

The guests soon after took leave and Mr. Matson returned to the parlor to find Nina leaning against a window the blind of which had been left unclosed, looking vaguely out into the night. He felt sorry for her and annoyed at what he had lately heard; but as he approached her she turned a smiling face toward him and gaily said:

"I shall have to set my cap for Johnny and become your daughter, after all, Mr. Matson, even if he is younger than I."

"He is more than half in love with you now, Miss Nina, and I only wish that he was something more than a hobbledehoy, that he might stand some chance with you. But we will not take trouble by the forelock, for Mr. Hastings will be sure to make some suitable arrangement for you, even if he cannot employ you as his daughter's governess."

"That would not suit me at all," she abruptly replied. "I came hither to reside in the family of Mr. Hastings, and I shall not permit myself to be transferred to any other. If he declines to receive me, I shall return whence I came."

"That will be nonsense, child. You can get as high a salary as Hastings offered you in some other wealthy family, and I intend to do my best to secure a situation for you."

"I entreat—I insist that you shall do nothing of the kind. I assure you that if I do not go to Silvermere, I shall return to the North as soon as possible, and resume my position as music teacher in New Haven. It is useless to discuss this subject further now; Mr. Hastings will come in to-morrow and explain the position of affairs; I shall then be able to judge what it will be expedient for me to do. If you will excuse me, I will retire now, for my head aches and I feel very tired."

When Nina was alone in her own room, the door fastened behind the sable handmaiden who had assisted her to undress, she gave vent to the passion of rage and disappointment swelling in her breast. She clenched her hands, threw them above her head, and uttered such anathemas as would have made Godfrey Fenton shiver if he had heard them.

To swoop down on him as a dire Nemesis was her first thought, and at all hazards break off this precipitate marriage; but she gradually became calmer, and concluded to defer settling on any plan of action till she had seen and talked with Mr. Hastings.

Nina finally threw herself in bed, and after many hours of restless tossing to and fro she sunk into a sound and refreshing sleep which lasted till a late hour of the morning.

While she was making her toilette a note from Mr. Hastings was brought up to her, briefly informing her that he would call for her at eleven o'clock, and hoped to find her in readiness to accompany him to Silvermere.

So she was to go at all events to that bourne of all her wishes, and once there, her craft would fail her indeed if she did not find means to accomplish the vengeance she had sworn against the betrothed husband of Opal Hastings. Fenton should return to his allegiance to herself, or drink to the dregs the bitter cup her hands should prepare for him; such was her unalterable resolve.

Nina descended to the morning meal in good spirits, and showed the note she had received. Mrs. Matson said:

"Mr. Hastings is too much of a gentleman not to do what is fair and liberal by you, Miss Gordon."

Nina flushed slightly as she replied:

"If you mean that he will offer me money as a compensation for my disappointment, I shall not accept it for services that have never been performed. Let us talk of something else if you please, Mrs. Matson, for I am tired of thinking on this subject."

Johnny hastened to say:

"I only wish I was a few years older, Miss Nina, and nobody should take you away from us. It seems to me that you belong to us already."

"Bravo, my son," cried his father—"that is a gallant speech for a boy of seventeen to make to a young lady."

"But I mean it, father," replied Johnny, growing red in the face, "for Miss Nina is the nicest girl I ever have seen in my life, and I only wish I was old enough to make love to her in earnest."

Nina smiled and nodded at him across the table.

"Thank you, my young cavalier, I shall not forget your devotion."

Johnny blushed more deeply than before; his sisters broke in with their gay chatter, and breakfast proceeded with the usual cheerfulness of meals in the Matson family. Nina was as charming as on the previous day, and the early morning hours passed away till eleven o'clock arrived.

A few moments later a carriage drew up in front of the house, from which descended a stately, gray-haired man, who appeared more agitated than a meeting with the new governess seemed to warrant.

Mr. Hastings was actually trembling with emotion, and while a servant went to inform Miss Gordon of his arrival, he stood leaning against the frame of an open window trying to regain his composure before she appeared.

Suddenly a sweet voice that sent an electric shock through every nerve of his frame, spoke near him:

"I have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Hastings, I believe."

Every shade of color retreated from his face, and slowly turning toward her he held out his hand with a vain effort to appear composed. His voice sounded strange to himself as he said:

"Yes, I am Mr. Hastings, and I have come to take you to Silvermere. I have something to explain to you, but that can best be done when we are in the carriage, and on our way there."

"I believe that I already know what you have to tell me, sir. I have been told since I came hither of the approaching marriage of your daughter, and of course, I suppose, you will have no desire for me to remain in your family under such changed circumstances."

"My daughter is soon to be married, but that does not materially alter my intentions toward you, Miss Gordon. I have a proposal to make to you that I think you will accede to; but there is time enough for that when I have you all to myself. Here comes Mrs. Matson now, and while I speak with her pray make yourself ready to accompany me. I have an engagement at two, and we have a long drive before us."

Mrs. Matson came in smiling and friendly, and while Nina went to her room to prepare for departure, Mr. Hastings briefly explained to the elder lady what were his intentions with regard to her. She was pleased and satisfied, declaring that he always managed things for the best, and she was sure that Miss Gordon would be perfectly contented with the arrangement he contemplated.

Nina came down stairs a few moments later, received the adieux of the hospitable family, and promising to visit them when she came to Natchez, entered the carriage with her new protector, and was driven rapidly away.

A small, open wagon, loaded with her trunks, followed them more slowly; and her heart bounded with triumph as she realized that she was on her way to the theatre of action she had so ardently desired to gain.

Her companion sat perfectly silent till they were more than a mile from the town, but Nina was conscious that he was attentively observing her. At first his eyes wandered furtively to her face, but soon they fixed themselves upon her with an expression that was almost one of pain. When she had borne this scrutiny as long as she felt it to be endurable, she spoke herself:

"I probably remind you of some one you have known, Mr. Hastings. You look at me with a half-puzzled air as if trying to recall the features of some one you have known. I believe that I am thought to resemble your daughter."

He started at the sound of her voice and hurriedly said:

"Excuse me; I was dreaming over the past. You do remind me of Opal, and also of somebody else I knew in my youth; yet you can be no relation of the person I refer to. We are fairly on the road now, and I can develop my plans for you without interruption. I trust that you will offer no objection to them."

"I will hear them first, if you please."

"Of course; that is necessary, as I do not wish you to pledge yourself to anything in the dark. You have heard of my daughter's approaching marriage, and of course the governess scheme is at an end. But I have another which is quite as good, to which Mrs. Hastings has eagerly consented. Opal goes to Europe immediately after her marriage, and it is my desire, and that of my wife, that you shall remain at Silvermere as Mrs. Hastings' companion, receiving from me the same salary that was offered you as governess to my daughter. I think this will suit you quite as well, and you may feel secured that you will receive the attention and consideration of a daughter of the house."

"I have no doubt that every kindness will be extended to me by your family, Mr. Hastings," replied Nina with a singular smile; "but of course a nameless dependent like myself could not expect from others the homage and consideration due to your daughter."

"Why not? And why do you call yourself nameless? Gordon is a very good name, and one that is borne by people of aristocratic pretensions."

"True; but I have sometimes doubted my own right to bear it. I know nothing of myself. I am a waif, cast off by those connected with me, and my origin is shrouded in mystery. Who I am, or whence I came, I know not. It is right for me to tell you this when you speak of extending to me the consideration due to a daughter of your family."

Mr. Hastings was silent some moments, and then he huskily replied:

"It is a painful position, but not irremediable. Allow me to become the guardian of your future, and I pledge you my word that it shall be a bright and a happy one. You may think this interest in you strange, Miss Gordon, and I had not intended to tell you *why* I wish you to become an inmate of my family; but this touching confidence has changed my purpose. The uncle who educated you was my intimate friend. I—I was deeply attached to him. He is dead now, and he had nothing to bequeath to you at his decease; so he left me the charge of providing for you in some way. I could do so in no other manner than that I have adopted, and I hope that I shall be able to render your new home a pleasant one to you."

Nina listened to him with vivid interest. She eagerly said:

"You knew my uncle! Who then was he? Where did he live, and, above all, why did he so perseveringly conceal from me everything concerning himself? I only know his name."

"What Mr. Fairlie's reasons were I can scarcely explain. He was surrounded by difficult circumstances, and he endured many trials; but he was sincerely attached to you. I know that by the earnestness with which he implored me to take an interest in your fate, and assist you in every way I could."

In tremulous tones Nina exclaimed:

"Oh, Mr. Hastings, how shall I ever sufficiently thank you for this revelation! It gives me a foothold on life, by assuring me that I am somebody's child; that I am really entitled to the name I bear."

There was deep compassion in his voice as he said:

"Poor child! why should you have taken this so deeply to heart, if it were so? *You* can not be held responsible for the faults of others; you could not be tainted by such a stain as that, so long as you are pure and good yourself."

"The world thinks differently, sir, and I confess that I share their prejudices. What you have told me has given me new life, new confidence in the pleasant phase of existence that I am sure is opening to me. How kind of you it was to accept so annoying a trust as a giddy young girl might prove. But I promise to do my best to give you as little trouble as possible. I only hope that you will be as well satisfied with your ward as I am sure I shall be with my guardian."

With impulsive grace, Nina lifted his hand to her lips and warmly kissed it. He hastily drew it away as he said:

"You must learn to curb your sensibility, Miss Gordon; and let me forewarn you that my wife is of that jealous temperament which would certainly lead her to misinterpret such demonstrations, however innocent they may be. Since you are to live with us, and become one of ourselves, I must prepare you for the peculiarities of temper in Mrs. Hastings with which you will have to deal. She is generous and affectionate—so devoted, in fact, that you will soon understand for yourself the line of conduct it will be best for you to pursue toward me. I wish her to like and appreciate you; but to win her to do this, you must show no preference for me above herself. I hope you comprehend the ground of this unusual confidence in one I have so lately met?"

To this embarrassed speech Nina gravely replied:

"I think I do, sir, and I will take heed to what you have said. But pray explain to me what I shall be expected to do for Mrs. Hastings. What services will she require from her companion?"

"Oh! you will have an easy time enough. You will be called on to read to her an hour or two every day; sometimes longer, when her novel is unusually interesting; but that will amuse you as much as it will her, I dare say. You will write her notes, make up knots of ribbon for her collars, and perhaps be trusted to alter the arrangement of the flowers in her caps. That is, if you have good taste, for Mrs. Hastings is very particular about her toilette."

"I can easily do all that," replied Nina, smiling brightly, "and find pleasure in it. I am fond of reading aloud, and think that I should have made a skillful milliner. Is that all?"

"You will drive out with her, of course, and after Opal is gone, make an effort to fill her place as far as possible. I wish you to make yourself so necessary to Mrs. Hastings that she will not be willing to part from you till—till you marry. You will have an apartment of your own, and a servant to attend to you; and I need scarcely tell you that I shall do all that lies in my power to make Silvermere agreeable to you."

Nina gratefully replied:

"I cannot sufficiently thank you for all this kindness, Mr. Hastings. It is far more than I expected, or indeed deserve."

"As to what one deserves, who gets it, I wonder. If I had my deserts, I should not be where I am, nor what I am."

There was so much bitterness in his tone that Nina raised her eyes inquiringly to those that seemed never sated with gazing on her face. She flushed slightly as she met his earnest look, and asked:

"If you do not merit your prosperity, sir, who does. The man who acts toward a forlorn stranger as you are acting toward me must be a good one, I think, and worthy of every reward."

"Then God help the sinners! But we have exhausted this subject, and now tell me about yourself. Give me a sketch of your life from your earliest remembrance. I am interested in learning all that can be told of one who, in future, is to stand to me in the relation of ward."

In her most piquante manner Nina complied with this request, and she kept literally to the truth till she came to her escapade from Mrs. Lyme, and her engagement with Mrs. Hawks to act as her companion. She was aware that in the early portion of her narrative she must not vary from facts, because she intuitively knew that enough had been already made known to Mr. Hastings to render prevarication dangerous.

When she came to the Hawks episode, she put her own coloring upon the incidents she felt sure her companion had already heard from Fenton, and denounced the interference of Mrs. Langley as cruel and unjust. She ended by saying:

"To accomplish their own ends they tempted me to mimic Mrs. Hawks, as Mrs. Langley was most anxious that her fortune should descend to her niece. She hoped in that event that Mr. Fenton would marry Miss Lopez and be out of the way of her brother."

"Out of Guy Denham's way? What do you mean by that?"

"Excuse me, sir. If you do not know, in the present position of affairs I do not care to enlighten you. Mr. Fenton is on the eve of marriage with your daughter, and it is useless to talk of those things now."

"But it is not useless. Opal's happiness may be at stake, and—Miss Gordon, I insist on a full explanation of what happened at Newport."

With seeming reluctance Nina replied:

"I had rather not tell what I partly guessed. But if you insist in this way, I suppose I must."

"I do insist. It is most important to me to know what you seem so anxious to keep back."

"Well, since you will have it, sir, I found out that Mr. Denham is in love with Miss Hastings, and by helping Mr. Fenton to marry Inez Lopez, Mrs. Langley hoped to open the way to her brother to win her."

"Perhaps that was natural and pardonable; but was Godfrey so much in love with Miss Lopez as to wish to make her his wife; or was it the prospect of the great fortune her aunt could give her that allured him?"

"As to that Mr. Fenton had best speak for himself, sir. He is a flirt, as I know from experience, for he and I had quite a sentimental acquaintance while he was at college; but with us it was 'diamond cut diamond,' I believe. He may have been no more in love with Miss Lopez than he was with me, but he seemed very much in earnest."

For many moments Mr. Hastings seemed lost in painful thought, and Nina remained silent, wondering what the result of her revelations would be. He at length aroused himself with an effort, and slowly said:

"You will oblige me by saying nothing of this to Opal, Miss Gordon. It is too late now to act on what you have told me, and I do not wish her mind to be disturbed by doubts of her lover. Her union with Godfrey Fenton is a family arrangement of long standing, and it cannot be deferred on any pretext. I have confidence in Godfrey to believe that, in spite of his wandering fancies, he will make a good and affectionate husband to my daughter. He has many good qualities, and possesses a warm and tender heart. Opal has found her place in it, I am sure; for no one could be with her and not love her dearly."

"I have no doubt that you take the right view of the case," was the brief reply; and Nina sunk back listless and disappointed. But she remembered that she had yet time to act in before the day of the wedding, and she took hope to her heart again, though it was wrung with many bitter and jealous pangs.

She soon brightened up, and gave him a graphic account of her voyage to New Orleans, describing the run into Norfolk, and the call she had there made on Mrs. Marsden. At that name Mr. Hastings flushed, and then grew pale to his very lips. Nina remembered the story told her by Mrs. Hawks, and maliciously went on:

"Mrs. Marsden looks like a broken-hearted, worn-out woman, and I should think that she has borne some woeful calamity in her day. But she is married to an ascetic, who thinks most things wrong that are done in this wicked world, and that may account for her subdued manner and faded appearance."

In a constrained tone, Mr. Hastings said:

"I am sorry to hear such an account of Mrs. Marsden, for I knew her in her youth, and a brighter or more animated creature than she then was it would be difficult to find. But time changes us all sadly, and tells on some more fatally than on others. Did you see her husband?"

"No, sir,—he was from home; but I saw her children—at least those that remain to her. She was in mourning for the elder ones, four of whom were snatched from her in a single week. That, doubtless, helped to bring her to what she is."

"Poor Anna, poor Anna!" he muttered.

Then, suddenly regarding her with a piercing glance, he asked:

"Did you ever hear Mrs. Hawks speak of Mrs. Marsden. They were reared together, and—and I believe they were very much attached to each other?"

"Oh dear, no, sir; why should Mrs. Hawks have told me about her?"

And the falsehood was spoken with the most natural air possible. Mr. Hastings looked pleased, and carelessly said:

"I thought Mrs. Hawks might have talked to you of her early friends, as she must have been very fond of you?"

"She did speak of them sometimes, and I remember hearing her speak of you as a lover of her sister. But I suppose I must be careful to hint nothing of that to Mrs. Hastings, as she might not like to hear of your having a first love?"

"You are very right!" he gravely responded. "Although my wife was a widow when I married her, she cannot bear the thought that she was not my first choice. It would make her wretched to be told that I ever sought the hand of any other woman. I admired Susan Horton very much, but if Mrs. Hastings could know all, I do not think she would be very jealous of my preference for *her*. Poor Susan ran off with a Cuban, and was disinherited by her father. It was her daughter, I suppose, who expected to inherit Mrs. Hawks' fortune?"

"Yes, sir, and she may recover it yet. A will was executed by Mr. Horton, leaving the whole estate to Miss Lopez, at Mrs. Hawks' death, but it could not be found. It may chance to come to light some day, for such things are not often irrevocably lost."

"I sincerely hope it will, for it was an act of injustice on the part of her aunt to deprive her of her family inheritance. I hope she provided for her in some way?"

"Yes; a thousand a year was given to her—little enough for herself and her father to live on, for Mr. Lopez is paralyzed, and a dreadful charge to a young girl I should think."

"Not if she loves him as she should. But here is Silvermere, and I welcome you to your future home."

Nina looked out on the undulating woodland and wide carriage sweep; saw the white walls of the stately mansion looming in the distance, with the miniature lake lying in its green hollow; and she enthusiastically exclaimed:

"What a beautiful place it is! almost like a baronial mansion, I declare! So this is the Eden of which the fair Opal is the Eve. I congratulate you on your surroundings, Mr. Hastings, for few have their lot cast in so charming a paradise."

"Fair enough," he muttered, "if there were no serpents to mar its loveliness."

Nina caught the meaning of his words, and bitterly thought:

"If there had been none before, you have this day brought one into it, who will poison its sweets, or die in the attempt."

But she smiled serenely, and uttered burst after burst of rapturous praise as each turn in the road revealed some new beauty, till the carriage drew up at the steps.

The sound of approaching wheels brought Opal to the portico, and she was closely followed by Fenton. Nina knew him at the first glimpse of his person, but she crushed down the rebellious jealousy that swelled in her heart; and, when he descended the steps and offered her his hand to assist her from the carriage, with the cool politeness of an ordinary acquaintance, Nina calmly said:

"How do you do, Mr. Fenton? You scarcely expected me to follow so closely on your steps when you left Newport. But I am here as you see, and likely to remain here some time. I hope you are glad to see me?"

"Glad is scarcely the right word, Miss Gordon. I am charmed—*à ravir*—to meet you again. Mrs. Hastings could scarcely find a more agreeable companion to replace the daughter she is about to lose."

"Thank you! I understand that you are about to become a Benedict at last—pray accept my congratulations!"

"Thanks, in my turn! but, I am so happy and well-satisfied in my choice, that congratulations hardly signify. Of course, though, I appreciate the friendly spirit that dictates them, at its true value."

These insincere words passed between them as they ascended the steps, at the head of which stood Opal, looking paler than usual and a little excited. She dreaded the intrusion of this stranger into the family—she could not have explained why, and she remembered with pain that her betrothed had not treated Nina Gordon quite well.

She offered her hand to the new-comer with a faint smile, and said:

"There is no need of an introduction between us, Miss Gordon, for we already know each other through our mutual friends. I hope you enjoyed the drive this morning, for the day is heavenly and the country you have passed through well worth looking at?"

"I found it delightful, I assure you, but I am afraid that the agreeable discourse of your father occupied my attention more than the sylvan landscape through which the road wound. I cannot tell you how deeply his kindness has impressed me—how grateful I am for it!"

While this greeting passed the two girls scanned each other, and each one saw wherein she differed from the other. Opal was attracted by Nina's beauty, and thought herself complimented in being thought to resemble her; but Nina's mental comment was:

"How could Godfrey Fenton compare that pale, unformed chit to a brilliant, passionate creature like myself? She has no *vim*—no style; and I don't believe she loves him, for she has not the air of a happy bride elect."

Mr. Hastings lingered in the yard till the greeting was over, but he now joined them, and the three entered the house together.

Mrs. Hastings received Nina in a small boudoir opening from her bed-room. She was lying on a sofa in a handsome morning wrapper, and over the tables and chairs a quantity of elegant trifles that had arrived only that day from New Orleans, were scattered in gay profusion. She half raised herself and languidly said:

"How do you do, Miss Gordon? I am happy to welcome to Silvermere a companion who will be capable of amusing me when my daughter is gone. Excuse the confusion of the room, but a portion of the trousseau came this morning, and I have been looking over it. Olympe has excelled herself, for the head-dresses sent for myself are the loveliest things I ever saw. As there was not time to send to Paris, I was forced to order the things I needed from here."

Nina took the offered hand and gracefully said:

"I thank you, Mrs. Hastings, for being willing to accept me as a poor substitute for your daughter while she is away. I think I shall find my duties toward you less tedious than instructing even so advanced a pupil as Miss Hastings would have been. I am not naturally fond of teaching, but I shall fall into your ways, I am sure, almost without an effort."

"I hope you will; and you will not find me very hard to please. You read French, I am told, and it will be a great pleasure to me to listen to you when we have time for such things. But just now I can think of nothing but Opal and her bridal outfit."

"I think that I can satisfy you in that too, Mrs. Hastings; for I took lessons from a Parisian and he pronounced my accent perfect."

"We shall get along together famously, I know. But I will not detain you longer now. Minette will show you your room, and you must call on her for any services you may need. When you are rested, and we have dined, we will look over these loves of things together, and I hope that you will appreciate them more highly than my daughter does. Opal is as indifferent about what has been ordered for her as if they were designed for some other person."

Opal smiled and said:

"Why should I think about my clothes, now, mamma, when I have never found it necessary to do so before? I have been like one of Solomon's lillies, I am afraid, and it is too late now to inspire in me a passion for what has always been furnished me without any effort of my own."

"But you are going to be married, child; and you will not have me to choose your things and order the style in which they should be made. You have always been well dressed, because I superintended your toilette; but now that you are going away from me, I don't know what you may be induced to wear that will be frightfully unbecoming."

"The milliners and mantua-makers must settle all that, mamma," replied Opal, with a light laugh. "Besides, Godfrey has excellent taste, and I can consult him."

At this familiar mention of Fenton's name, Nina felt as if she could have struck her to the heart. By a sudden motion of her head she caused her veil to fall over her face, and she did not put it up again. Mrs. Hastings said:

"Miss Gordon is fatigued with her long and dusty drive. You had better take her to her room at once, my dear, and see yourself that everything is in order there."

The two girls went out together, ascended the broad staircase, and passed through the upper hall. At the farthest end of this Opal opened the door of a handsome room, looking out toward the lawn, and said:

"This is the apartment my father ordered to be prepared for you, Miss Gordon. The view from the windows is lovely, and you will find it a cheerful and comfortable place of retreat when you are tired of being with the rest of us."

With her most charming smile Nina replied:

"If that is the condition, I do not think that I shall often bury myself in my own den, Miss Hastings. I am a social being, and rarely seek solitude, if I can help it. I am already so much charmed with those I have met to-day, that I am afraid I shall impose on their good-nature by seeking them too much."

"You will scarcely be able to do that; for when I am gone mamma will be very dependent upon you. I shall rely on you to fill my place to my parents as far as possible."

"I shall do my best; but how can I hope to fill *your* place?"

"I do not mean that you should quite do that," replied Opal, with a smile mingled with a sigh. "But you can at least brighten their days, and prevent them from feeling the weary flatness that I know will fall on everything when I am actually separated from them. Mamma will feel it less than my father, and to *him* I expect you to be a minister of grace, for he will need consolation for giving up the pet and darling of his life."

"Then why does he allow you to marry so young? You are scarcely more than a child yet."

A cloud passed over Opal's face, and with sudden reserve she said:

"Mr. Fenton and myself have agreed on a speedy union. Everything is here that you need, I believe, and here is Minette to attend to any orders you may give. I must go down now, for I have left Godfrey too long alone."

Nina took off her bonnet and shawl, smoothed her hair, and dismissed the servant with orders to have her trunks brought up as soon as they arrived. She then surveyed her apartment with much satisfaction. It was spacious and elegantly fitted up, and a small dressing-room opened from it.

A fire burned behind a tall wire-fender, before which a luxuriously-cushioned chair was drawn up. Nina threw herself into it, and sat with frowning brow and compressed lips, immersed in deep thought, until her luggage arrived. She then made her toilette, and dreamed, and planned again till dinner was announced.

Mrs. Hastings gave her an approving glance as she descended to join the group awaiting her appearance in the lower hall; and, at the table, she placed her on her right hand—telling her that henceforth that was to be her place.

Mindful of the hint given her by Mr. Hastings, Nina spared no effort to make a favorable impression on his wife, and she talked in her most agreeable manner, although Fenton sat nearly opposite to her, devoting himself so exclusively to Opal that he seemed scarcely conscious of the presence of the jealous rival who saw and heard all that passed between them in spite of the constant flow of small talk she kept up with her new patroness. Mr. Hastings sat silent and preoccupied, but he was listening to Nina's voice, watching her tactics, and internally congratulating himself on the ease with which she adapted herself to her new position.

He wished his wife to become fond of her, and he believed she must do so if Nina played her part as adroitly every day as she was doing now.

After dinner was over they had some music, and the voice of the stranger was pronounced charming by those who then heard it for the first time; but Fenton never approached the piano, and when Mrs. Hastings asked him if he had ever heard better singing, he calmly replied:

"Often, madam, though Miss Gordon does sing well for an amateur. However, I prefer the 'wood notes wild' of Opal to all these trained efforts. But I do not pretend to be a connoisseur."

Nina overheard him, and abruptly rising from the piano, she said:

"I have a bad headache, Mrs. Hastings, and if you will excuse me, I will spend the remainder of the evening in my own room."

"Certainly, if you wish it. I thought you were changing color too suddenly to be quite well. I will send tea up to you, and a cup will do you good."

"Thank you; then I will bid you good-night."

She flitted up the staircase, gained her own room, and locking the door behind her, fell into her chair in an almost hysterical passion of weeping.

When the first violence of the storm swept away, Nina arose, stood before the mirror, and contemptuously regarding her reddened eyes and tremulous lips, she savagely muttered:

"I can feel thus yet!—can weep for that ingrate!—can be weak enough to dream of bringing back his fickle heart to its allegiance to me—to *me*—dependent, penniless. It is madness; but I will attempt it, and wo to him if I fail!"

Daylight yet lingered over the landscape. Nina went to a window and looked forth a few moments in deep thought. Then opening one of her trunks, she took from it her portfolio and a small patent inkstand. These she placed on a table near the window, through which sufficient light for her purpose yet came, and hastily dashed off the following lines:

> NATCHEZ, December 6, 18—
>
> MR. WILKINS—I give you leave to make your own terms for the restoration of the instrument in your possession, provided that you will telegraph to Godfrey Fenton *immediately* that it is in the possession of its lawful owners. If you do not obey me *literally* it will be the worse for you. N. G.

Having sealed and directed this, she became calmer; and when Ninette came up with the tea she was already in bed.

On the following day the letter was sent to town to be mailed, and Nina impatiently awaited the result. The change in the prospects of Inez might induce Fenton to postpone his marriage, thus affording her more time in which to carry out her plans. That was her only object in producing this diversion in Opal's favor; for as the day drew nearer, her reluctance to the proposed union deepened and intensified, though the poor girl thought she was learning with surprising ease the lesson she had set for herself.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

In the gathering twilight of a cold December day, Inez and her father were together in the room she had taken such pains to fit up, in the belief that Godfrey Fenton would be pleased with its simple elegance.

Mr. Lopez leaned back in his chair, silent and pallid as if death had already set its seal upon his face. He was greatly changed, and it was evident that he was rapidly sinking to that bourne which awaits us all.

How desolate, how deserted the almost friendless daughter felt, it would be impossible to tell. In the weeks of wearing anxiety and doubt since Fenton left, Inez had grown thin and pale, though her trust in her lover remained as strong as ever. She had received but one letter from him, and that assured her that his mother was obstinate in her opposition to their union; but he concluded with the assurance that he would yet triumph over all objections and return to claim her as his own.

She believed him, of course; for, true as she was herself, Inez could not fathom the perfidy of which she was the victim. When no second letter came, she began to look for Fenton's arrival with certainty, for had he not pledged himself to return to her before the year was out?

The sound of an arrival at the lonely house would set her heart to fluttering, and bring the bright blood to her cheeks, in the happy belief that her lover had flown back to her upon the wings of love and joy; but, alas! day after day passed, bringing with them only disappointment and added cares to the forsaken one.

Her father was now rarely free from the benumbing influence of the deadly drug that was destroying him, long enough to carry on a connected conversation; for, since the wreck of his daughter's fortune, and the departure of Fenton, Mr. Lopez indulged himself in its use more recklessly than ever.

Remonstrance was useless, and Inez had ceased to make an effort to induce him to refrain. In attempting it, she found that she only irritated him, and threw him into transports of anger that made them both wretched. She mournfully felt that he would "die as the fool dieth," and go down to his grave the dishonored victim to his own weakness; and the unhappy girl wept over him with that abandonment of feeling which her loneliness and helplessness inspired.

The bright firelight flickered on his still face as he dozed in his chair, and Inez sat near him, watching every change in it, dreading the approach of that last, solemn one which would leave her alone, for his physician had warned her that he might pass from life to eternity in one of those hours of stupefaction.

Suddenly Mr. Lopez droused himself, and spoke:

"Inez, is Godfrey here? I—I thought I heard his voice speaking to me."

"No, papa. There is no one here but myself. You must have dreamed of him."

"Yes, I suppose so; but it is time he was here. I do not understand his delay, when he has not written. He should have been here before this."

"He will come, papa, never fear. I do not doubt him."

"That is well. Yes, believe in him to the last, for that is all that is left to you. When I am gone, you will have your little income for yourself; you can sell this place, and that will add something to it; and—and—if Fenton does not come very soon after I have left you, you must go South yourself. If his mother has an opportunity of seeing and knowing you, she will relent. I did not once think that I could ask my child to enter any family that would unwillingly receive her, but my pride has been brought low, and I shrink from the thought of leaving you entirely alone in the world, with no one to look to as a protector. Godfrey loves you, I am certain, and if he cannot come to you, you must seek him."

"Dearest father, do not speak of leaving me!" exclaimed Inez, with a passionate burst of tears. "We have been so much to each other, that I cannot bear it."

"But you must learn to look our inevitable separation in the face, Inez; for it draws very near. When I sink away to sleep, as I did just now, it is often with the thought in my own mind that I shall never wake again. I feel that I grow weaker day by day, and the end must soon come. It is best for you to know this, my child."

Inez took his wasted hand in her own, caressed, and wept over it, but she had no words to reply to him. He tenderly said:

"Don't grieve for me, my darling. I shall go to my rest, and be a clog removed from your path. I have not been what I should, Inez; but I have made my peace with God, and through the blessed intercession of the saints, I hope to gain a safe haven at last. Father Espana gave me such consolation this morning, that I feel almost willing to go when I am summoned; but for leaving you, I should say that I am quite willing."

Since he had given up all hope of life, Mr. Lopez had many times held long interviews with a Spanish priest, brought by chance to Newport, and from him he had received such religious consolation as he needed. He was a rigid Catholic, and gladly hailed the advent of a countryman of his own, who could afford him both material and spiritual assistance.

To Father Espana he designed leaving the management of his daughter's affairs, provided Fenton did not arrive in time to receive her as his wife before his own decease. The Spaniard was a man of sound heart and good judgment, and Lopez felt the assurance that Inez would be carefully guarded by him, and placed in some safe asylum, should her earthly hopes be brought to wreck, as he sometimes feared they might.

Fenton's silence, his long delay in returning, had more effect on Lopez than on Inez, for he had less confidence in his intentions, though he believed fully in the genuineness of his attachment to his daughter. His knowledge of life taught him that men are often false to lover's vows when interest demands the sacrifice of the affections, and Fenton might at last succumb to the influences brought to bear upon him.

Mr. Lopez believed if anything would recall him to a sense of what was due to Inez, it would be her presence near him, and hence his desire that she should go to Natchez, there to battle for her life's happiness with those who were bent on snatching it from her.

A bustle was heard in the hall, and Inez started up trembling and panting; it might be Fenton at last, and her heart almost ceased beating in the moment of suspense that ensued.

The door opened and the voice of Mrs. Perkins said:

"Here is a—a person—that wishes to see you, sir. He says he has important business with you."

"Let him come in, then; though I don't know what business I can be expected to attend to in the helpless condition I am brought to."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

—Noble souls with difficulty reach the comprehension of evil and ingratitude; they require harsh lessons before they recognize the extent of human corruption. Then, when their education in this line is completed, they rise to an indulgence which is the last degree of contempt.

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WORSHIPPER AND POET.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Why thus on Nature's realm did he
So often cast adoring eyes—
Her realm within the waves and shores,
And planet-circled skies?

Was it that grandeur, beauty, there
Forever for him shone
In light of day or cloud of night,
As if 'twas Nature's own?

No! 'twas that in her he beheld
Through all her vast, enduring span,
Jehovah making evermore
Great images for man;

The images that awakened thought,
Or turned the heart to love,
And sped the soul from things below
To Him who formed above.

So Nature truly was a Fane
In sunny scene or tempest dim,
But not for worship of itself—
Offered alone to Him.

Thus did he pass behind the show,
That here is only a rich shrine;
Thus was he worshipper alone of God,
And bard the most divine.

SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

No. XXIII.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

A PRISONER'S SECRET.

The Frenchman had surrendered, and the hands of the Englishmen had been stayed. Our first-lieutenant sent to know if Capt. Trevelyan would come on board the prize, and word was returned that he would not. He gave to his first-officer full authority to receive the surrender of the ship and the crew. So Mr. McGregor directed that the French boatswain should call all hands to muster upon the quarter-deck.

We of the *Bristol* were assembled upon the starboard-side of the deck; and, as the crew of the Frenchman began to file in from the gangway, I could not help pitying them from the bottom of my heart. They looked worn and weary, and they hung their heads in shame and chagrin. They came slowly on, by twos and threes, until finally ninety-one of them, including all the officers left, below the captain, had assembled and answered to their names. Ninety-one of them were alive and unharmed!

Since Capt. Trevelyan had chosen not to come on board, the commander of the prize delegated to his lieutenant authority to deliver over his ship and his men to the captors. The ship was the French corvette, *Montmorillon*, carrying twenty guns, medium twenty-four pounders; and her crew, all told, numbered one hundred and ninety-five men. Of these seventy had been killed; thirty-four, wounded; and ninety-one were left to lay down their arms and be put in irons.

The deck of the prize presented a sad spectacle. Much of her top-hamper had been carried away, and had been left where it fell; four of her guns had been unshipped; and her bulwarks had been frightfully shattered, nearly one-half of those killed, and full two-thirds of those wounded having been struck by splinters. And those splinters make the most ghastly and painful wounds. The massive oaken chips, with sharp and jagged points, not only tear away the flesh, but they often remain in the wound to fret and irritate.

I was among those who were sent back on board the *Bristol* to help clear up her decks and get her ready for pursuing the two merchant-men. Of two hundred and forty-eight men, we missed sixty from the muster. Of these, six and twenty had been wounded, and thirty-four had been killed. Of the killed, sixteen had fallen upon our own deck, and eighteen had been slain upon the deck of the Frenchman. Of our officers, the second-lieutenant, Thomas Bowers, had been killed by a musket-ball while standing upon the poop, just before the grapplings were thrown. Mr. Leigh, the third-lieutenant, had been killed by a splinter; and noble little Paul Grantley, the best of our midshipmen, fell upon the enemy's deck.

The under officers of the prize had surrendered with the crew, but her commander, with a hard French name which I cannot remember, wore his sword on board our ship, and surrendered it to Capt. Trevelyan.

At half-past six o'clock, Mr. Dorick was put on board the prize, with a crew of forty men, under instructions to repair damages as speedily as possible, meantime carrying sail enough to keep the *Bristol* in sight.

Had Capt. Trevelyan so desired, he could have made sail sufficient to push on after the two merchantmen, but he thought it best not to do so. They were just in sight, distant twelve miles or more, close together, and bearing Nor'-nor'-west. Of course they had no means of knowing how the battle had terminated; nor did he mean they should know, until he had overhauled them; so he stood on under easy sail, intending so to run until the *Montmorillon* had been put in good trim, and then he meant that she should lead the way.

At seven o'clock, after the decks had been cleared up, and the more important of the wounded spars had been fished and otherwise secured, the muffled drums sounded a dirge-like roll, and all hands were called to bury the dead!

I have witnessed many solemn and impressive scenes in my life-time, but never another so solemn and impressive as that. Thirty-four dead bodies had been sewed up, each in the clean hammock owned by the man when alive, and, at the feet of each, two round shot. They were arranged upon the starboard-side of the quarter-deck, with the flag under which they had fought thrown over them; and, when all was ready, the ship was brought to the wind, with the main top-sail aback, and Capt. Trevelyan read the burial-service of the Church of England prepared expressly for the use of the navy. There was no undue haste. One at a time, the bodies were laid upon the gang-plank, and consigned to the grave of waters. The officers were given last to the billowy rest; and, as the mortal remains of the two lieutenants struck the water, a heavy broadside rolled out its majestic requiem!

Of the prisoners there were, including the commander, thirteen officers put upon their parole, and allowed the freedom of the quarter-deck. Then there were seventy-nine men in irons, and these were scattered about in different localities. Some were in the boats, some under the topgallant-forecastle, and some between the guns in the waist. Lanterns were hung where the prisoners were, and as there were not marines enough to keep guard over so many, some of the sailors were detailed to do guard duty. The starboard watch came on at eight o'clock, and at ten Mr. McGregor came and asked Jack Miller to give him two men from his fore-topmen to keep watch over those prisoners under the forecastle. He named for one of the required sentinels Mike Dooley, a Connaught-man, and then he asked the lieutenant if he'd trust "Young Yankee" for another.

"*Trust him?*" cried McGregor. "Yes,—I'd trust him with the old ship herself, if he'd accept it upon his honor!"

So I was posted upon the starboard side, under the forecastle, and the lieutenant himself went with me to give me my instructions; and after the man whom I had relieved had gone, Mr. McGregor stood there and conversed with me some little time. He told me over again how grateful he was for the service I had rendered him, and promised that he should never forget it. I did not tell him then what favor I should some time ask of him; but I had it in my mind.

I had been on my post an hour—the messenger-boy had just come forward and struck six bells—when one of the prisoners spoke to me. I stopped in my walk, and found one of those who had been lying down just abaft the round-house, sitting up. It had been one of my instructions that I was to hold no conversation with any of the prisoners, but of course I was at liberty to listen to any request. A lantern hung very near to where this man sat, so that I could distinguish his features, and I thought he had an honest, good-hearted look. He was a middle-aged man, rather stout of frame, and his features were certainly of the Johnny Bull stamp.

I approached him, and asked him if he spoke.

He put his finger to his lip, and motioned for me to come nearer. He was in double irons, while I was armed with a cutlass and a brace of pistols, so there could be no danger. Still I shook my head, and informed him that I could hold no conversation with him. He gazed carefully around upon his companions in irons, and having satisfied himself that they were all fast asleep, he spoke again, and this time it struck me that he spoke in pure English.

"Shipmate," said he, "give me your ear just for one minute, and you'll be satisfied that I'm a friend. Will you help me up so that I can speak plainly, and without danger of being overheard?"

I had authority to help him up, because I had been instructed to let any of the prisoners—one at a time—get up if they so wished. And, furthermore, this man could not possibly be a Frenchman, and I had a great curiosity to hear what he had to say. So, after reflecting a moment, I gave him my hand, and assisted him to his feet, and he then managed to shuffle out into the passage-way.

"Shipmate," said he, (I listened with my ear bent towards him, and my eyes upon the rest of the prisoners,) "I am not a Frenchman. I am a true-hearted Englishman, and was impressed on board the *Montmorillon* at Pondicherry, which, mayhap ye know, is a French port in India. My own ship, the *White Lion*, of Liverpool, went down in a whirlwind off Madras, and I, and two more, got ashore on a spare spar. One of my mates died in Madras, and the other was impressed with me, and was killed this afternoon by a splinter. My God! wasn't it hard! We'd agreed together that we'd never lift our hands against our own flag, and we didn't, for we both got stationed as sail-trimmers; and we thought we'd contrive some way to help our own when the time came. But poor Charley wasn't never to stand aneath the old flag again. Your second broadside did for him. But I made out to do something. When you laid aboard of us, and I heard the shouts of my countrymen, I felt it in my bones that the *Montmorillon* was very soon to change masters. I watched my chance, and jumped for the cabin just as your first division of boarders were leaping on to the poop; and there I met the signal-quartermaster, and knocked him down."

The man stopped here, and took another look at the sleeping prisoners, and then he resumed:

"I saw you talking with your first lieutenant, and I thought you were on good terms with him. I wish you'd send for him, and let me say a word to him. I want to see him before any of these chaps wake up."

This proposition pleased me, for I felt that I had talked with my prisoner about as long as I ought to. I stepped to the break of the forecastle, and saw two men by the topsail-halliard-rack, one of whom I called to me, and asked him if he would tell Mr. McGregor that he was wanted at my post. Ere long the lieutenant came, and I introduced the subject by remarking:

"Here's a prisoner, sir, who has something of importance to communicate."

"Ah! going to turn traitor to his own flag, eh?"

The man's eyes flashed, and a big round oath dropped from his lips, whereupon McGregor exclaimed:

"Upon my soul! There aint much *parlez vous* in your voice!"

"Not a bit of it, your honor."

And thereupon, after having asked and obtained permission so to do, the man went on and told the same story he had told to me, giving his name as Will. Thornton. He went on to the point where our boarders had gained the poop of the Frenchman, and then continued:

"Thinks I, what shall I do now? If I turn about in my tracks, I shall be shot down like a dog; I can't skulk; and I can't coolly turn to and cut down these men who have been shipmates with me, and who have been good and kind to me. Just then I saw the signal-quartermaster go into the cabin, and reach up over the barometer, where I knew the signal-book was kept; and when I saw that he shut the door, I knew his business. He was to stay there and watch the battle, and if it turned against us, he was to throw the book overboard.* As soon as I saw this, I determined to gain that book, and, if I lived, to get on board your ship, to give it up for the benefit of my own countrymen. So I sprang for the cabin, and, as all eyes were at that moment turned upon your boarders, I was not noticed. I found the quarter-master pacing up and down; and, before he could imagine what I was after, I gave him a poke under the ear that floored him; and, before he came to, I had him bound hand and foot, and I swore to him that, if he made the least bit of noise, I'd kill him. Said I, 'You know I'm an Englishman, and them knew it as impressed me; and, now that it's come to battle, I'm going to fight where I was born to fight!'

"I found the signal-book in his bosom, and I took it away from him; and there I kept him until the battle was over. He's a prisoner, but he'll never let on that the book is out of water, because I heard him tell one of the lieutenants that he'd thrown it overboard; and, for his own sake, should he ever get out of this, he wouldn't want it known that he got robbed of such a sacred charge. I give him a promise, bound by a solemn oath, that I'd never let on to one of his ship's crew, either officer or man, and I'd like for you to bear the poor fellow out if you can."

"But," said McGregor, "how did you manage to remain there in the cabin during the whole battle without being discovered?"

"Why, bless your soul, sir, there wasn't even a ghost of a Frenchman came near the cabin after your men had leaped upon the quarter-deck. But what makes ye ask that question? D'ye doubt the word I have given you?"

"No, my good fellow, I do not," replied the lieutenant, frankly. "I believe every word of it. Where is the book?"

"You'll find it inside of my frock, sir, around on the left side. You see I can't reach it with these things on my wrists."

"You shall not have them on a great while, my man; but you'll excuse me for taking the book?"

McGregor reached in his hand, and drew forth the prize. It was a common-sized book, about nine inches long by seven wide, and, including the leaden covers, two inches thick. It was covered with green baize, and had a metallic clasp. As the lieutenant opened it, I saw that the leaves were of parchment, and that the pictures of the different signal-flags were very nicely drawn and beautifully colored.

"And this you deliver up to me?" he said, when he had made himself sure that it was really the signal-book of the French navy.

"Yes, sir."

"And do you claim the protection of our flag as a British subject, who has been forcibly impressed away from it?"

The man's answer came bursting forth from the very depths of his heart, and there could be no mistaking its sincerity. In answer to a query whether he would like to have the Frenchmen know that he had claimed the privilege of a British subject, he answered:

"Yes, sir. I would have them know it; but don't let them know that their old quartermaster gave up the signal-book."

Mr. McGregor gave the promise, and then sent for the sergeant of the guard, deeming it not necessary to arouse the master-at-arms. Will. Thornton was soon freed from his irons; and, as there were now spare hooks below, he was suffered to swing a hammock upon the berth deck.

Meantime, Mr. McGregor got up the signal-lanterns, and signalled for the prize to keep close upon our quarter, within hailing distance; and, by the time that had been done, the shrill notes of the boatswain's call aroused the larboard watch.

The morning dawned clear and bright, and the two merchantmen were discovered in just about the same relative position which they had occupied on the previous evening. They had all sail set, and were standing on their course. The *Montmorillon* was close under our larboard quarter, and so near, that, with the trumpet, Mr. McGregor could make his words distinct to those who stood upon her forecastle. He asked Mr. Dorick if he had a boat which he could send alongside. The answer was in the negative. He could not get at a boat without breaking out one from the launch, as those at the davits had been injured so that they would not be safe. He was then directed to bring his ship to; and pretty soon one of our boats was lowered, and Mr. McGregor went on board the prize. He arried the French signal-book to Mr. Dorick; and the reader will at once perceive the advantage thus gained. Thus, master of the secret signals, the commander of the prize could stand on ahead, and draw the merchantmen into the trap, without trouble or perplexity of any kind.

At nine o'clock, A. M., we were near enough to signal; and Mr. Dorick, who had taken the lead, commenced operations. We very soon had the two Indiamen lying-to; and, one hour later, they were both in our possession. And rich prizes they proved to be! They were ships of about five hundred tons burden each, laden with tea, coffee, spice, silks, and fine cotton fabrics; and we all had an interest in them.

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* The "signal-book" of a man-of-war is the book containing an explanation of all the secret signals used in the fleet, or by a convoy and the vessels she may have in charge—signals made by flags in the day-time, and by lights of various kinds in the night. As these signals are uniform on board all vesssels of the same nation, of course it is very necessary that no enemy should gain possession of them; and, to this end, the signal-book is always bound in solid leaden covers, so that it will sink like a cannon-ball; and, in time of battle, it is the duty of some officer designated—generally the signal-quartermaster—to see that the book is cast overboard, should there be danger of capture.

* * *

"TRANSPORTATION FOR LIFE."

Young Henry 's in love, I declare—
How the insect keeps fluttering by!
I think, nay, I'd venture to swear,
If I were to frown he would die!
Not wishing the youth any ill,
If he woo me in form for his wife,
As the Bible says, "Thou shalt not kill,"
I'll say "Yes," and *transport* him for life!

* * *

DELICATE ATTENTIONS.—In the tenth century, to eat out of the same plate, and drink out of the same cup, was considered a mark of gallantry, and the best possible understanding between a lady and gentleman.

* * *

—Good breeding is the art of showing men by external signs the internal regard which we have for them. It arises from good sense, improved by conversing with good company.

OUR FARMERS' WIVES.

Next to being a minister's wife, I should dread being the wife of a farmer. Sometimes, indeed, the terms are synonymous. Raising children and chickens, *ad infinitum;* making butter, cheese, bread, and the omnipresent pie; cutting, making and mending the clothes for a whole household, not to speak of doing their washing and ironing; taking care of the pigs and the vegetable garden; making winter-apple sauce by the barrel, and pickling myriads of cucumbers; drying fruits and herbs; putting all the twins through the measles, whooping-cough, mumps, scarlet-fever and chicken-pox; besides keeping a perpetual river of hot grease on the kitchen table, in which is to float potatoes, carrots, onions and turnips for the ravenous maws of the "farm-hands."

No wonder that the poor things look harassed, jaded and toil-worn long before they arrive at middle age. No wonder that a life so hard and angular should obliterate all the graces of femininity—when no margin is left, year after year, for those little refinements which a *woman* under any pressure of circumstances *naturally* and rightly desires, and lacking which, she is inevitably unhappy and *coarsened*.

Now your farmer is a round, stalwart, comfortable animal. There is no baby wailing at *his* pantaloons while he ploughs or makes fences. *He* lies down under the nearest tree and rests, or sleeps, when he can no longer work with profit. He comes unto his dinner with the appetite of a hyena and the digestion of a rhinoceros, and goes forth again to the hay-field till called home to supper. *There* is his wife, and too often with the same frowsy head with which she rose in the morning, darting hither and thither for whatever is wanted, or helping the hungry children or the farm-hands. After the supper is finished comes the dish-washing, and milking, and the thought for to-morrow's breakfast; and then perhaps all night she sleeps with one eye open for a baby or a sick child, and rises again to pursue the same unrelieved, treadmill, wearing round the next day.

Now the uppermost idea in the minds of too many farmers is, *how to get the greatest possible amount of work out of their wives*. A poorer policy than this can scarcely be. They treat their cattle better. If they are about to be presented with a fine calf or colt, they take pains that the prospective mother is well cared for both before and after the event. The farmer who would not do this would be considered extremely short-sighted. Their cattle are not allowed to be overworked, or underfed, or abused in any way. Now, pray, is not a farmer's wife as valuable an animal as a cow, or a horse, even looking at the *practical* side of it? Is it not as important to have a sound, healthy mother of children, as to have a healthy mare or cow? You may say that no woman should marry a farmer who does not *expect to work*. I say, in reply, that a woman was never intended to split or carry wood, or to carry heavy pails or buckets of water. And yet how many farmers can we count who ever think of the *women* of the house, in regard to the distance or proximity of the wood or the water in relation to the kitchen? while too many grudge to these overworked women that labor-saving apparatus in every department of their work which would prolong their lives years to a family of growing children. Then, to grudge such an industrious wife decent raiment wherewith to make herself and her children neat and comfortable, is a shame. To oblige *such* a woman to plead like a beggar for the dollar she has earned a thousand times over *in any family but his own*, should make him blush. Look at our farmers' wives all over the land, and see if, with rare exceptions, their toil-worn, harassed faces do not endorse my statement. Every mother should have time to *talk* with her children—to acquaint herself with their souls as well as their bodies—to do something beside wash their faces and clothes. And how are these hurried, weary women to find it? Of what avail is it to those children who *come up*, but who are not *brought up*, that another meadow, or another barn, is added to the family inheritance, when the grass waves over the mother's tombstone before their childhood and youth is past? or when they can remember her only as a fretted, querulous, care-burdened, overtasked creature, who was always jostling them out of the way to catch up some burden which she dare not drop, though she drop by the way herself?

FANNY FERN.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A MISSISSIPPIAN says that he is the son of a planter who, before the war, was worth about three millions of dollars, but who lost everything, his life included, during the rebellion, leaving his family, consisting of a widow and five children, without any available means. "I am now nineteen years old," he writes, "and being the oldest of the children, they naturally look to me as the head of the family. We have a tract of land, but nothing to work it with—no stock, no tools, and nothing to live on till we can get a start. My notion is to pull off my coat—it is a very shabby one—and go to work on a few acres, and see if I can't hoe and dig my way through, little by little. But some of my relations—of whom I have a good many, and all are now poor—keep telling me that '*a gentleman's son* shouldn't make a darkie of himself by going into the field to work,' and lots more of the same sort. But *I* think differently, though my mother —God bless her!—is a little set back by the idea of seeing the boy she expected to see Governor of Mississippi, if not President of the United States, tugging away at the tail of a plow or driving mules. But to make short work of it, what does the *Ledger* think of the matter? I must go to work or run away." We think that your idea of pulling off your coat and going to work on a few acres, &c., is a most excellent one. That is the very way for you to gladden your mother's heart by becoming Governor or President. Any planter's son who will pull off his coat and go to work in the new spirit which is hereafter to dominate the South, will take the surest southern road to fortune and the Presidency.

DANCER.—"A few evenings ago," writes this correspondent, "I attended a social dance. Not being acquainted with all the young ladies, I asked a friend of mine to introduce me to a young lady. My friend did so, and after the introduction, myself and the young lady conversed for some time. When the music began I asked her to dance with me. She consented. We danced about two minutes, when the lady requested me to stop. I did so, and she immediately left me standing on the floor, without making any excuse whatever, and took another young man by the arm, and finished the dance with him. When the dance was over, several young men (friends of mine) wanted me to go and insult the young lady. I refused to do so, and they called me a coward and said that I was chicken-hearted and afraid to get whipped by her friends. Now, what I would like to know from the *Ledger* is this, did I act a cowardly part in not complying with my friends' request to insult the young lady?" If you refused because you would not degrade yourself by insulting a lady, it was not an act of cowardice; but if you were actuated by the fear of getting a flogging, then it *was* cowardly in you to do so. You must determine the question for yourself; and if your friends continue to doubt your courage, perhaps you can hit upon a way to give them a personal proof of it which will be convincing.

MICHIGAN.—If your husband is as bad as you represent him to be, and abuses you so shockingly, you should put your case in the hands of some lawyer for the purpose of having your husband brought under legal restraint so far as to ensure you against mortal danger, and secure to yourself a reasonable degree of domestic peace and tranquility.

VILLE.—The young lady who has not the resources within herself to win a man's, a certain and particular man's heart, can get no help from strangers. As a general thing, a man loves that best which *to him* seems to be the most lovely and lovable. On this hint you may be able to carry on a successful campaign.

SAMUEL.—A room 80 feet long, 40 feet wide, and 25 feet high, would contain 80,000 cubic feet.

AUTHORITY.—You are too sweeping and extravagant in your censures. An error is not a *crime*. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to name a distinguished writer, ancient or modern, who has not laid himself open to criticism by occasionally perpetrating blunders. Milton mentions that

——"gems *inlay*
The *unadorned* bosom of the deep."

Pope, one of the most careful writers that ever lived, nevertheless talks of "a work to *outlast immortal* Rome designed." Thackeray's works abound in slips of the pen. In "The Newcomes" the same characters are repeatedly called by different names, to the great confusion of the reader. General Taylor's "all the world and the rest of mankind" has become a standing joke, and Felix Grundy's declaration that he was "born a veteran in the democratic ranks" is a parallel absurdity. In criticising the labors of the pen due allowance should be made for what Amos Kendall called "the excitement of composition," and also for the errors of proof-readers. In nine cases out of ten the "slashing critic" who makes it his business to discover the defects of a book, but has not a word to say of any merits it may possess, would cut but a sorry figure were his criticisms criticised in his own vein. Anachronisms are to be found in Shakespeare, contradictions in Pope and Milton, puerilities in Wordsworth, bad grammar in Byron, and palpable blunders in the works of almost every classic celebrity; but the occasional occurrence of errors in compositions of sterling value no more detracts from their general excellence than the spots upon the sun's disc impair his brightness.

DISTRACTED MOTHER.—"Yes, I *am distracted!* Dear *Ledger*, I have read your paper for twelve years, and have seen so many good answers to inquirers, that I venture to ask your advice upon a question that is almost *killing* me. I have a little boy now over seven years old, an only child. He is good in some points. He is very affectionate, and seems to love his father and myself. He is *very* active, fond of play and company (to excess), but he *never* would mind us readily. Neither *persuasion* nor *punishment does any* good. He goes to school now; but he *will* not come home from school, but runs around town with the boys. I *cannot* have him do it, and I *cannot break him of it*. When I talk to him in sorrow and grief, and tell him how much better it would be to be good, he will often promise me, and feel *grieved*, and cry with me because he makes me so much trouble; but in a few hours he seems to *forget, runs away, &c.* It is *killing* me to punish him, and yet I *dare* not let it pass. I do not punish him *every* time, only when the offence is too great. He sometimes tells me I punish him all the time. *I fear the effect of it. Do*, I *beg* of you, read this, and think of it, and *advise* me as a father would a troubled child, and I will thank you ever—*ever*." You must love and train the little fellow out of the faults you refer to. Your excessive anxiety probably makes you magnify trivial things into matters of vast importance. Give your child plenty of chance to play at home; let him bring his playmates home with him, and have a "good time" with them there, and then he'll not be tempted to stray off. *Attract* him home, and then he'll be sure to come.

VERMONT GIRL.—This young lady was engaged to be married to a young man, who went "West" to seek his fortune, which, having found, he intended to lay at her feet, on his return to claim her as his bride. But after he had been gone a few months, the course of true love did not seem to run smooth from the West to the East. His letters grew infrequent and cold, and finally ceased altogether. Things remained in this state for a considerable period, when the young man suddenly re-appeared at his Green-mountain home; and, while refusing to give any explanation of his conduct, demands that the young lady shall marry him. This she is not willing to do, as she does not know what he may have been doing, and he "seems to have something on his mind." Of course she should not marry him, unless he not only gives a satisfactory explanation of his conduct but also allows the young lady's father time to ascertain if his statements are true. Such suspicious conduct should be thoroughly investigated before any girl committed her fate to the keeping of the suspected man.

INDIGO.—As you chose the basis on which the settlement of the dispute was to be made, you should now faithfully adhere to it. The frankness with which you state your own errors indicates an honest heart, which not even your irrepressible temper will be able to drag from its moorings. As you have been a "professed Christian," to quote your own language, "for more than thirty-four years," you ought to have become a *real* one by this time; and as you agreed, in the outset, "to settle the dispute on the basis of Christian principles," you ought not now to "go back on your word," and seek counsel of the devil by allowing your passions to control your actions whenever your opponent does something to exasperate you. The idea that if *you* stick to Christian principles, your opponent, who will not stick to them, will get the better of you, is not only weak but wicked. It is, in fact, a reflection upon Omnipotence and Omniscience, under whose immediate guardianship every true and faithful Christian incessantly acts, and lives, and moves, and has his being.

WRITER.—"I have been corresponding with a girl," says WRITER, "and now I wish to quit corresponding with her, without giving her offence; because our letters are assuming a lover-like tone, and growing worse all the time. This, I'm afraid, will lead to something that my parents won't approve of, and so I want to stop in time. But the girl is high-tempered, and so is her brother; and I shouldn't like to be compelled to give him a thrashing, or have any fuss about it in any way. So, if you'll tell me how to stop the correspondence without getting up ill-feelings, I'll be obliged to you." Perhaps if you should become a little negligent in answering the young lady's letters, she would stop the correspondence of her own accord. Or you might fill your letters with excellent advice, or such discussions, say, of Sitka, or New Zealand, as would induce her to purchase relief from their inflictions at almost any price.

LITTLE CORPORAL.—The reason you have been unable to find the name "Gloanna" in "any dictionary or encyclopedia, ancient or modern," is probably because there is no such name. It may be that you mean *Glorianna*, which is a name of not infrequent occurrence in literature. It was first introduced by Spenser, in his "Fairy Queen," to personate "the greatest, glorious Queen of faery-land," as he says in his introductory letter. Tennyson also has a poem called "Glorianna of the South;" and many a romantic mother has named her infant daughter Glorianna; but *Gloanna* is unknown to fame. It may not be absolutely and utterly unknown among the children of men, however, and if you continue your search long enough you may be able to authenticate it and trace it to its origin.

HOBOKEN.—What is the use of grumbling at your aunt and uncle for not doing more for you, so long as you do not accomplish anything for yourself! A girl of eighteen who is unused to taking care of herself is, of course, entitled to sympathy in her efforts at self-support; but she should not be encouraged in a habit of ungrateful fault-finding with those whose bounty she permits herself to accept.

SORELY-TRIED HUSBAND.—Your wife has no business to go off riding with any man, against your wishes; nor to visit any place with him, to be gone two days, or any other time. You should assert your authority, and *compel*, not only her, but *him* also to respect your wishes in the matter.

S. B. P.—The phrase "I would like to have attended the funeral," is grammatically faulty. "I would have liked to attend," etc., would be the correct form.

DEMETRIUS.—You ought to be able to find some one in Philadelphia who could and would teach you fencing. Advertise for a teacher, if you can not find one in some more convenient way.

MINNIE C.—You can learn short-hand from the phonographic text-books which are for sale at many book stores.

⁂*Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*

OUR TERMS.

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ROBERT BONNER, Publisher,
No. 90 Beekman street, New York.